

SPIRIT

OF THE

ENGLISH MAGAZINES.

Published half-monthly, by Munroe and Francis.

NO. 8.]

BOSTON, JAN. 15, 1821.

[VOL. VIII.]

From the English Magazines, Nov. 1820.

VOYAGE TO THE POLAR SEA.

THE London Gazette contains a brief despatch from Lieutenant Parry, notifying his return from the Polar Sea, into which he penetrated by Lancaster Sound; and specifying the latitude and longitude which the expedition had reached. His success, to the extent it has gone, has afforded much satisfaction; and the safe restoration of himself and companions (with the exception of one man who died of a chronic disease), has, even in the midst of our politics, excited a marked sensation throughout the country. He was immediately raised to the rank of a Captain in the navy; and it must be acknowledged, that he has well merited that distinction; while the absence of casualties during so perilous an undertaking reflects honour upon the Commander and upon the Admiralty, for the providence displayed in the outfit, and for the care with which they looked to the welfare of the gallant fellows sent upon this dreary service.

The details of the voyage, so far as they have yet appeared, are as follows:

The Hecla, Lieut. Parry, and the Griper, Lieut. Soddon, entered by Lancaster Sound, proceeded directly over Captain Ross's special chart of land, and reached in the parallel of 74° or

75° , 114° or 115° west, about 550 miles farther than Captain Ross asserted the Polar Sea to be navigable. In 90° they fell in with islands, which continued successively till they reached the extreme westerly point of one nearly in 115° ; here winter overtook them, and they turned back several degrees and wintered in a snug harbour in five fathoms water. On the breaking up of the ice this season, attempts were made to proceed westerly; but immense barriers of ice from the Polar Sea to the northward, shut out all hope of succeeding in the parallel of 74° ; and before they could return to the eastward and renew the attempt in a lower latitude, the navigable season, which is confined to August and a few days in September, offered no reasonable chance of succeeding this year; independent of which, provisions would not have held out in so precarious and dangerous a navigation for the winter, and the time they would certainly have been frozen up. The existence of a Polar Sea to the westward of "Hearne's River," is incontestibly established. Mackenzie saw it still further to the westward; and by reference to the map, you will see Icy Cape, which most clearly demonstrates the American line of coast.—

Experience has taught these hardy navigators, that in the month of August such a powerful radiation from the land takes place, as to render a channel sufficient to demonstrate the certainty of the existence of a north-west passage, and that a practicable one, but not open to any possible commercial purposes. 90° the compasses were useless on board; the attraction of the needle was extreme; in one case, it is said 166."

To this we may add from private information, that the passage of Lancaster Sound, where Capt. Ross (see his map,) laid down what he called *Croker Mountains*, was found to be an open channel forty miles broad!

The cold during the winter was excessive; the thermometer (Fahrenheit's) descending to even 52° below zero.—The vessels are entitled to the 5000*l.* reward, from having gone to a longitude beyond 110° west of Greenwich.

The newspapers also furnish the annexed further observations, from Aberdeen.

"The *Hecla* came into our bay yesterday for provisions, and sailed in the afternoon for Leith Roads. Her gallant and intrepid commander, Captain Parry, accompanied by his astronomer, came on shore at Peterhead on Monday, and passed through here yesterday, to go by land to London. They parted with the *Griper* in the North Sea, and she is expected up every hour. The *Hecla* encountered a heavy gale after parting with the *Griper*, and sustained some damage. Few particulars

of their highly interesting voyage have yet transpired, the officers and crew of the vessel confining themselves to casual observations, until their commander shall have laid his journal before the Lords of the Admiralty. We understand that they wintered in latitude 75° N., and in their attempts to explore a passage to the Western Ocean, were as far as 111° W. They wintered in a snug bay, in Lancaster Sound; and did not get clear of the ice till the 5th of August this year. From October till February, or for about 100 days, they were in darkness; but with abundance of wholesome provisions, and other requisite comforts, they passed the time very agreeably. The crew were amused with games of every kind; and occasionally they acted plays for mutual entertainment. As to the main object of the expedition, the discovery of a north-west passage, we cannot yet speak with much confidence. One of the officers with whom we have conversed, entertains not the least doubt upon the subject; but we must wait for Lieut. Parry's observations before we pronounce with certainty. The country will look with great anxiety for the publication of the journal of this voyage. They have been out for about 18 months, having sailed from Sheerness on the 18th May 1819."

We have to add, that such good haste is making with Captain Parry's Journal of the Voyage, that the public may look for its appearance within a month.

LETTERS FROM PARIS.

LETTER I. (*Translation.*)

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

Paris, October 5, 1820.

AN old inhabitant of Paris, begs leave to correspond with you respecting the passing events which he may chance to witness in this capital, and to send you information of all novelties in literature, science and art. It is his intention occasionally to mingle anecdotes with his observations, which will refer to the dead as well as the living.

He will be as impartial as it is possible to be in a capital where one party pulls to the right and the other to the left, and where every thing, even the arts and sciences, assumes a political colouring. He will endeavour to pursue a middle course, and above all, will avoid approaching the *Ultras* of every description. If, in spite of his efforts to the contrary, he should occasionally incur the imputation of dulness, (a mis-

fortune in which many worthy writers have been involved), you, Mr. Editor, can *transverso calamo*, spare your readers the annoyance of perusing his remarks. Lest, however, you should deem it necessary to exercise your duty at the very commencement, I will close my preface, and proceed to the matter.

I know not whether you have heard of the plan, which has been agitated by a party of the college professors, of building a Latin city in France. Probably you will conclude, as many have done, that it is a mere joke. One of our journals has remarked, that as we do not very well understand each other in French, we must of necessity experience greater difficulty in maintaining mutual communication in the Latin tongue. Terms are now used in the French language, such as the *charter*, *civil and religious liberty*, *independence*, *patriotism*, &c. which a portion of the nation either do not, or pretend not to comprehend. The charter itself, though drawn up in such French as was currently spoken six years ago, has already been interpreted in two totally different ways, which would lead to the supposition, that it equalled in obscurity the Greek of Lycophron. But the projectors of the new city are probably of opinion, that in course of time Latin will be generally spoken and understood, and that, in the mean while, they may proceed to build. They announced their project about a year ago; but it appears that their plan has since been materially improved.

This society of professors, who, whether asleep or awake, dream of nothing but Latin literature, imagine they will succeed in reviving the genius of Cicero and Virgil, if they erect, in the south of France, where the climate resembles that of ancient Latium, a city, all the inhabitants of which, from the magistrate to the cobbler, shall be required to speak the language of the Romans. Solecisms and barbarisms will probably be punished in this new Rome, as severely as the crimes set down in the penal code. I presume the founders are to pronounce judgment on the language of the citizens; but it is to be

feared, that in procuring female inhabitants for their settlement, they will be exposed to no less difficulty than was experienced by Romulus. If it be necessary, in the first place, to obtain a diploma from a university, how can it be expected that ladies will take the trouble to qualify themselves for the right of residence in this new city? Love, to be sure, sometimes works miracles; but what legislator, even though he should possess the severity of Draco, can think of requiring that a young woman, before marrying, should produce proofs of her knowledge of Latin, and express herself in the classic language of Cornelia, the mother of the Gracchi. And, after all, how will it be possible to prevent some barbarous Gaul from finding his way into the city, and causing the language to degenerate, until it become as corrupt as that of the Diet of Hungary. But other objections are urged against this project; for when a project is set on foot, objections are never wanting. It is alleged, that the language of Livy, Tacitus, and Horace, was suited to the manners, customs, and opinions of their country; and that it is not easy to conceive how the Latin language of the golden age can be adapted to express ideas in an age, which cannot be termed either golden or silver, except by a fortunate few. The human mind must be restored to the point at which it was in the reign of Augustus, and we must possess neither more nor fewer ideas than the contemporaries of Mæcenas: now this is impossible, for the human mind is continually advancing to perfection by the experience of succeeding ages. But those who start this objection know not what they say. There is a party here exerting every possible effort to make the present generation retrograde to the notions of the 15th century, and prohibiting as contraband every opinion that rises up at the present day; and as some of these worthies confidently hope to bring France back to the mode of thinking which prevailed in the time of Francis I. may not the society of professors hope to limit the citizens of the town they are about to

found to the ideas of the Augustan age? The building of the city has not, I believe, yet commenced. Whenever I learn that the foundation stone of the capitol is laid, I shall not fail to inform you of the event.

I have before me the prospectus of another new establishment, to be called the Prytaneum, to which one of the public gardens of Paris is to be appropriated. I cannot tell you how much meaning is conveyed in the learned name *Prytaneum*. The person who is at the head of the establishment announces—"that a complete course of civil and medical gymnastics will be observed; that singing, dancing, fencing, riding, and swimming will be taught; that lessons will be given on eloquence and political economy; that literary sittings will take place, and that festivals will be celebrated in imitation of the ceremonies, customs, and mythologies of different nations; so that, (says the director,) the *Prytaneum* will include a Gymnasium, a Lyceum, a promenade, and spectacles for summer entertainment." This will indeed be an establishment on the Greek model; and though we shall not perhaps boast of Platos, the glorious days of the *Academy* may be again revived. But the plan is, I fear, too good to be

carried into effect; and it is probable that the visitors may walk beneath the shade of the plane trees till they are weary, without the felicity of hearing a discussion among the disciples of Socrates. About twelve years ago, M. Jaufret, who is well known for his agreeable works on education, and who was an enthusiast for the revival of ancient customs, endeavoured in vain to restore *Academie Promenades*. He set to work, it is true, in rather a singular way. The lovers of philosophic conversations inscribed their name on his list, each paying the sum of 12 francs; and having collected a sufficient number, he thrust them into *fiacres*, and drove them to his country residence. There he read them a long discourse, and gave them a light breakfast. They then botanized for a short time, and the Professor drew from his pocket another discourse as long as the first, which was followed by a repast worthy of the Pythagoreans. The audience again botanized, and returned to town in the evening, highly edified by the Professor's discourses, and well disposed to make a hearty supper at home. This school, which never produced any philosophers, has long since fallen into oblivion.

LETTERS FROM PARIS.

NUMBER II.

Paris, October 7th, 1820.

TRAVELLERS who visit France, proceed almost invariably by the post-roads, which are unquestionably to be preferred for the sake of convenience and expedition. But those who wish to observe the manners and customs of the inhabitants of the provinces, and who do not fear encountering a little fatigue, would do well to deviate from the usual course, and visit those districts where the sight of a foreigner is a sort of phenomenon, and where intercourse with great cities is extremely rare. Such is the department of the Upper Alps, respecting which, a very interesting publication has recently been

produced, by M. de la Daucette, late prefect of that department. In addition to much valuable information on the subjects of antiquity and natural history, the work contains the following curious particulars, relative to the mountaineers of the Upper Alps, who seem to bear a marked resemblance to those of Savoy and Piedmont.

"The inhabitants of the Upper Alps sow their grain in the months of June or July; but they do not reap until September in the following year: and when the plains happen to be overwhelmed by avalanches, their harvest does not come on until two years after the period of sowing. It will easily

he guessed, that the peasantry are not over rich in a country where the harvest only occurs once in a couple of years. But though not wealthy, the farmer of the Upper Alps, lives like a lord in his own house, and the heaviest portion of agricultural labour devolves on his wife. It is no uncommon thing to see a woman yoked to the plough along with an ass, while the husband holds the plough-share. A farmer of the Upper Alps accounts it an act of politeness to lend his wife to a neighbour who is oppressed with labour; and the neighbour in turn, lends his wife for a few days work, whenever the favour is requested. Among these mountains an abode may be procured at the rent of 10 francs per annum; the proprietor, it is true, seldom lays out any money in building, for the habitations consist chiefly of cavities dug in the hills and fitted up with rough planks of wood. Owing to the uncertainty of the harvest, the inhabitants adopt the precaution of always making a sufficient quantity of bread to last for 15 or 18 months. Their bread is a kind of hard biscuit; and it is asserted, that one pound contains as much nutriment as four pounds of ordinary bread. They sop it in milk along with potatoes, and it forms their chief article of food, at least during a great portion of the year. There is a part of the Upper Alps, called Lagrave, where the cold is so severe during the winter, that it is found impossible to dig the graves in the church-yards. The inhabitants have an old method of disposing of their dead during that season of the year. They hang them up in their barns, or lay them on the roofs of the houses, until the return of spring. The singular customs of the natives of this mountainous region, might in some instances afford a lesson to people more refined. They do not consider it necessary to ratify their engagements by writing, or any other formality. A squeeze of the hand, or a lock of hair given as a pledge, renders the promise sacred and inviolable. In the arrondissement of Einbrun, when a man falls ill, and being without children, is unable to gather his harvest, the mayor and

curate make known his situation to the parishioners, and men, women, and children go into the fields and cut down his corn.

"About 4000 of these mountaineers are annually compelled by poverty to wander to other parts of the country to gain a livelihood. These emigrants follow various trades and occupations. They become porters, labourers, shepherds, and what is still more strange, teachers. The latter go about with a pen fastened in their hats, and instruct children and even grown persons, during the season when there is little work without doors; and they return home to enjoy the produce of their industry and talent.

"Notwithstanding the patriarchal manners of the Upper Alps, domestic quarrels are perhaps more frequent there than elsewhere; and husbands are often punished for beating their wives, and *vice versa*. In some communes, when a husband suffers himself to be chastised by his wife, he is placed on an ass with his face to the tail of the animal, and in this ludicrous position he rides about, while one of his neighbours proclaims with a loud voice the disgrace of the foolish husband. Sometimes the woman, who has had the presumption to beat her husband, is paraded in a similar way; she is compelled to drink frequently, and her mouth is wiped with the tail of the ass. This custom is observed in many parts of France. Formerly, the fear inspired by this public punishment was so great that the criminals have been known to petition the favour of the Sovereign to get it commuted. At Dijon both husband and wife were mounted on an ass, and the ceremony of punishment for all the offences of the above nature that had been committed throughout the year, usually took place in the month of May. A decree of parliament was necessary to abolish the custom, which was held in high veneration by the people, and which, in former times, served as a check both on tyrannical husbands, and wives who were too ready in the use of their hands."

But these old customs are gradually

wearing away ; for the frequent conscriptions that have been set on foot since the revolution, by promoting intercourse between the inhabitants of all parts of France, have in a great measure destroyed the prejudices of these mountaineers.

[Our correspondent goes on to state, that the increased demand for the writings of Voltaire and Rousseau, also tends to this result : He also predicts—]

“In France a revolution is preparing in religious opinions, similar to that which has already taken place in politics :” and as a proof of public opinion he adds, “The government experienced considerable difficulty in collecting twelve censors for the press ; for few literary men would disgrace themselves

by accepting such an office. A physician, named Pariset, was engaged by the ministry ; but his friends overwhelmed him with such bitter reproach, that he at length gave in his resignation. The committee of censorship is a curious combination of abbés, poets, &c. A brother-in-law of the Duke de Richelieu has become a member of it. He is a M. Rothe de Nugent, and his literary knowledge is said to be merely confined to dictionaries, of which his library is exclusively composed.

A pamphlet has just been published in Paris, entitled the *Panorama*, in which the twelve censors are introduced in a witty little comedy, at which every body has laughed except the twelve actors, who preserve their gravity as well as they are able.

From the Literary Gazette, Nov. 11, 1820.

SERVETUS.

DURING the period of religious persecution, every thought that brought with it novelty, or appeared even in science to open a path before untrod, was received with suspicion, and often considered as a dangerous innovation ; and too often its propagators were exposed to calumny and hatred. Copernicus, Galileo, and other illustrious men whose names adorn the history of mankind, were marked as victims by the unsparing hand of bigotry—yet posterity has bestowed upon them the wreath of immortality. But the name of Servetus, whose melancholy fate excited throughout Europe the deepest sympathy, still sleeps in comparative obscurity : or he is known better as a religious controversialist, than as a contributor to every branch of philosophy. This unfortunate man, a Spaniard, educated as a physician, entered into the list of theological disputants, during the period in which the doctrines of the Reformation spread throughout Europe. His singular notions on the nature of the Trinity excited considerable inquiry, and the enthusiastic Calvin rushed with ardour to a contest with him ; but unable to con-

vince his antagonist by the force of argument, or the voice of friendship, he basely betrayed him to the flames, and left a blot upon his own character, which not all his inflexible love of truth could ever efface.

In the year 1553 Servetus was brought to the stake at Geneva, and with him were burnt all the copies of his “*Christianismi Restitutio*,” one only copy excepted, which was secreted and saved by D. Colladon, one of the judges. This celebrated volume is now in the possession of Dr. Sigmond, to whom it was bequeathed by the late James Sims, M. D. whose library contained some most valuable and rare books, and to whom the Medical Society of London is indebted for its excellent collection. This book was purchased at the Duke de Valiere’s sale, for 3810 livres, into whose hands it passed from Dr. Mead, who gave nearly 400 guineas for it, and attempted, in the year 1723, to publish a quarto edition ; but at the instance of Dr. Gibson, the Bishop of London, all the copies, in an unfinished state, were seized by John Kent and William Squire, messengers of the press, and most of them burnt :

one of these, not half completed, was sold, with Dr. Mead's manuscripts, for 8 Guineas. The year following, "An Apology for the Life of Servetus" was published. It contains some very interesting anecdotes, with one or two extracts upon the circulation of the blood, which excited considerable curiosity; and as it was known that the only copy of the work, was, some short time before, in the library of the Landgrave of Hesse Cassel, it was supposed two existed; but this volume was proved to be the identical one which Dr. Mead had obtained.

The medical and physiological opinions which are advanced, prove this man to have possessed a genius far beyond the age in which he suffered for his attainments. Seventy years before our great Harvey published his discovery of the circulation of the blood, did Servetus give a most accurate description of it; and many of the doctrines in physiology which are even at this day subjects of great discussion, are distinctly stated by him, and amongst others John Hunter's theory, which has engaged the attention of Abernethy and

our modern enquirers—"The life is in the blood," is brought forward, and defended upon the very grounds its present advocates advance it. To introduce into a dry theological discussion the most curious details of natural history, and of general philosophy, requires the mind of no common man; but to succeed in developing the most intricate works of nature, long before the attention of the followers of science has been awakened to the subject, is the province of that genius which sometimes, though rarely, bursts upon the world, to enlighten and improve it. To select the passages which deserve admiration would require time and the greatest attention, lest by an injudicious selection the interest attached to the work might be lessened. Dr. Sigmond (we have been informed) intends printing a few copies for his friends; and probably some one who has time and abilities for the task may make extracts which may merit the public attention, and by avoiding every thing which may appear to encroach upon the boundaries of religious opinions, render a valuable service to the scientific world.

NOTES ON RIO JANEIRO, &c.*

From the Literary Gazette.

WE have rarely met with a more ponderous and more miscellaneous volume than the present; we have been highly entertained with Mr. Luccock's lucubrations. He seems to us to be a plain, sensible, well-informed man; to have had excellent opportunities for observing the country; to have made good use of them; and, consequently, to have produced a book like *the Country*, of great magnitude, and with curious matters meeting the reader, as they do the traveller, at every turning. Indeed the mass of information is immense, and the volume exceedingly amusing; though from being ill-arranged, its bulk is rendered more oppressive than if a good system had been adopted. Upon such a view as we

have taken of it, we think we may safely say, that it will be found to contain much valuable intelligence, especially to merchants, seamen, and colonists; many singular facts connected with natural history; a good deal of what is interesting to geography; and a fund of agreeable observation and anecdote. From these we draw, almost by a *Sortes Luccockianæ*, the following miscellanies.

"A fish, here called the Bagre, and very common on every part of the coast, we thought the most palatable when taken off a sandy bottom. It is about twelve inches long, formed much like the Dog-fish, has a large head, the bones of which are uncommonly hard; two fins on the side and one on the

* Notes on Rio Janeiro, and the Southern Parts of Brazil; taken during a Residence of Ten Years in that Country from 1808 to 1818. By John Luccock. London, 1820.

back, all of them long in proportion to the size of the fish. The anterior ray of the fins is a strong serrated bone, sharply pointed, which it has the power of erecting, and fixing at right angles with the line of the body, so firmly, that, with the utmost force of both hands, I have been unable to change its position. This firmness depends, not on the strength of the muscles employed in its erection, but on the form and hardness of the joint, which is a sort of compound hook, working upon an upright pin, altogether unlike what I have noticed in any other fish. Nature appears to have intended this for a defence, and a more secure one it is difficult to conceive. The Bagre, when caught, utters a loud grunting, with other apparent signs of anger. It lives long out of the water, and is with difficulty killed by blows. I observed on the plate of the skull, between the eyes, a small aperture, covered with a thin whitish membrane, and imagined that, through this, it might be killed by touching the brain. We accordingly introduced a filament, taken from one of the bass cables, which produced an immediate paralysis, and the fish died without farther suffering. This aperture may, probably, be a distinguishing mark of the species, which, I believe, has not hitherto been described." * *

"The name of Charqueados is derived from the Charqued Beef, which the district prepares and exports. When the cattle are killed and skinned, the flesh is taken off from the sides in one broad piece, something like a flitch of bacon; it is then slightly sprinkled with salt, and dried in the sun. In that state it is the common food of the peasantry in the hotter parts of Brazil, is in itself by no means to be despised; and as it will keep long forms an excellent sea stock, and would bear carriage to distant parts of the world. Some idea of the immense quantity of beef thus prepared may be formed from the fact that, in one year, an individual, Jozé Antonio dos Anjos, slaughtered fifty-four thousand head of cattle, and charqued the flesh. The piles of bones which lay in his premises, far surpassed

my utmost conceptions, and there were thousands of Urubus, the Vulture of South America, flying round feeding on the offal.

"During the slaughtering season, it is not uncommon for large packs of dogs to make their appearance, and assist the vultures in picking the bones; and it is said that the ounce will do the same. The bones thus picked, are generally reduced to lime. It is certain that, not in this part of the country only, but in almost every part of Brazil, there are considerable numbers of wild dogs; and that the different species of these animals have acquired distinguishing Indian names. Yet I cannot think they were aboriginal natives of South America, but believe them to have been introduced, in a domesticated state, by the first European settlers, and to have quickly gone wild." * *

"The reader has regarded with wonder, perhaps with incredulity, the account before given of the size of the farm of Pellotas; and, indeed, the reported extent of farms in this part of the American Continent can scarcely be mentioned with boldness, by one who has himself little doubt of the truth of the accounts. The smallest are stated at four square leagues, or more than twenty thousand acres: the largest are said to reach to a hundred square leagues, or near six hundred thousand acres. To each three square leagues are allotted four or five thousand head of cattle, six men and a hundred horses; though, according to circumstances, such as the distance from navigable waters, or from church, there must be a variety in the number of oxen kept for the business of a farm. The proportion of horses will appear a very large one; but it is to be remembered that they cost nothing in keeping, as they are turned out on the plains; that no one about the farm, not even a slave, ever goes the shortest distance on foot; and that each manager will change his horse two or three times in a day. About a hundred cows are allowed for the supply of milk, butter, cheese, and veal, to a farm of the average size. Hogs are usually found near the houses,

but little care is taken of them; they wander about, root up the earth, devour reptiles, and make a good part of their subsistence on the waste parts of the cattle slaughtered. There are few sheep, and they are remarkably light and ill made, with a short ordinary wool which, however, might easily be improved. This wool is, at present, used partly unstripped from the skins, as saddle-covers, and the like, partly for the stuffing of beds and mattresses. The country is so thinly peopled, its inhabitants have so little liking to mutton, and the wild dogs and other beasts and birds of prey are so numerous, that there can be little inducement to increase the flocks.

"In every farm there is at least one enclosed place, called the *rodeio*, generally on the highest spot; here the cattle are occasionally collected, marked, and treated as circumstances may require. So accustomed are they, particularly the horses, to this practice, that when the servants of the farm ride along, swinging their lassos or their hats, and loudly pronouncing the word *rodeio*, they all walk slowly to the spot. In a country so little enlivened by variety, this assemblage forms one of its most rural and pleasant scenes." * *

"On the bank of the St. Francisco was recently found, beneath the surface of the water, a very extraordinary crystal formed round the root of a tree, and upwards of twenty-four inches long. Next to the wood was a coating, about half an inch thick, white at the surface, and gradually changing toward the wood into the common appearance of flint, but at the bottom somewhat darker. On it stood, in regular order, white and transparent pyramids, half an inch high, each made up of four equilateral triangles, of which pyramids there were about fifteen in every circle. The root was much decayed, and dropped out, leaving a long tube, whose bore was three inches in diameter, and whose internal surface displayed the impression of the knots and marks of the wood, retaining also fragments of the bark attached to it. This crystal was found by four men, who disagreeing about its

value broke it into as many parts, and each took one. William Harrison, esq. of Rio de Janeiro, became possessed of one of these pieces, and sent it, I believe, to his friends in Liverpool. There were apparent indications of the manner in which this fossil advanced to its full size, by laminæ successively laid on the pyramids, and the base thickening in consequence. Not only as it seemed to me, do such fossils grow, but I apprehend that, where the situation and circumstances are favourable, they are produced in a comparatively short period. But how formed, and from what materials, I presume not to say."

"The death of an old governor gave an opportunity of witnessing a curious funereal ceremony. The corpse was dressed in the same full military uniform which the general wore when commanding in a battle remembered with honour in the neighbourhood. An arm-chair supported the body, and the people went to pay it their respects, much the same as to a living governor. This custom is not peculiar to St. Catherine's; through the whole of Brazil a ceremonious visit is usually paid to the dead." * * * *

"Here I saw an instance of that singular malady, the guinea-worm. The patient was a negro-boy, about fourteen years of age, among whose countrymen the disease chiefly prevails. The animal, if so it may be called, appeared coiled up beneath the skin; after some time, what was said to be the head protruded itself, this was seized with a small forceps, and the worm drawn out to the length of two inches; the extracted part was then wound about a small stick, to prevent its return. In a few hours after another portion was drawn out and secured in the same way; by a similar process, the greatest care being always used not to break it, the whole was extracted, and then appeared like a thin dry thread of catgut, and was several feet in length. The boy had these worms in every part of his body, had been treated for them in his own country, and was deemed incurable, and, on that account had been sold by his parents for two yards of

checked linen. He remained in the hospital about three weeks, was placed, I believe, in a state of complete salivation, and then discharged cured. For five years afterward, during almost every day of which I saw him, he remained free from the complaint, and proved an excellent servant, often expressing his gratitude to his master in warm and simple terms. "My father in Africa," he would say, "sold me; you are my father, I love you best." I have pleasure in adding, that I met with the lad in Paris, in October, 1819, and that he continued perfectly well. I believe he is now, June 21, 1820, at Buxton." * * * *

"Joining the party on the beach, I was introduced to the servants, by an acquaintance who said to them,—'this is my friend, if he steal any thing I am accountable for it.' To an English ear such an introduction sounded gratifying; but to a Brazilian, instead of intimating that the person in question is in the least addicted to pilfering, it is equivalent to declaring, that his character for rectitude and propriety of conduct is so established, that no one will believe another who attempts to slander him. This is the sense in which the negroes universally understand the phrase; and such distorted modes of expression are so common here, with persons of all ranks, as to form a very observable feature in a portrait of the country.

"The party left the city by water about four o'clock in the morning of a *Dia Santo*, carrying provisions and the most essential articles of table furniture. Having landed the servants and baggage, my friends proceeded to a neighbouring chapel and heard mass. Breakfast was taken on their return, and proved a scene of noisy mirth and good humour. Afterward every one exerted himself to promote his own diversion and that of his companions. Both sexes contended in feats of speed, agility, or strength, with unbounded gaiety and frolic, and gave full play to the buoyancy of their spirits. All this it is allowed, was not very comfortable to our

measured deportment in society, and by many will be denounced as indecorous. To me the scene presented the playfulness of nature, untrammelled by forms, remote from prudery and suspicion, from the consciousness of evil committed or intended. And why not be active and airy while nature allows us? Why resolve that all who are so, let their previous customs and habits be what they may, must necessarily be vicious or vulgar?

"When the sun rose too high to admit of continued exertion, conversation, cards, and music, filled up the interval before dinner. The servants, as it was a fish-day, had been employed in drawing the seine, and had procured an ample supply for those of the company who were unprovided with a dispensation. A priest, however, who joined our party, kindly offered his utmost influence with the Creator of all good things, to prevent his being displeased with those who might on such an occasion dine on flesh; yet, agreeable to the established rule, he would not hear of any one mixing flesh with fish in his meal. With a small part of the company I spent an hour in going, in a canoe, to the neighbouring rocks, to draw up from the deep some of those singular animals with which the harbour of Rio abounds, and which, I think would fully repay the Ichthyologist's minute investigation.

"Our dinner, like its prelude, had too little form to be, in general, pleasing to an English taste, and its modes would hardly chime with our usual conceptions of comfort; but as is commonly the case here, it proved a hearty meal, and fitted most of us for repose. Few could have the accommodation of a bed; many preferred a siesta out of doors, and for them mats were spread under the trees. About four the party re-assembled, seated themselves on the grass, talked, sang, and enjoyed some frolic of a gentler kind, until the hour of *Ave Marias*. We then entered canoes, attended divine service at the *Lazaretto*, and retired to our respective homes."

THE PLAGUE FIEND.

Halcyon Hall, Nov. 11, 1820.

Mr. Editor,

THE following Ballad was written to prove what some had denied, the facility of *composing* a "Tale of Wonder," nearly as fast as it could be written, when advantage was taken of the usual licence granted in those little poems. The small circle to whom it was read has encouraged the writer to send it to your valuable and entertaining work.

J. J.

THE PLAGUE FIEND.

THERE raged a plague,
In the town of Prague,
And thousands fell every day :
'Twas a fiery death,
To fall by its breath,
And moulder like ashes away.

The babe and its mother,
The sister and brother,
Were flung in one grave without prayer ;
No psalm could be sung,
No death bell be rung,
No priest holy rites could prepare.

For the corpses came fast
As the leaves on the blast,
And the priests were themselves swept away ;
The eye of the morning
Saw blushes adorning
Maids who saw not the close of the day.

O'erlooking the town
Seven knights of renown
Groaned and wept in Sir Elmorie's tower :
Says one, as I live,
My right hand I would give
This dark plague might no longer devour

Says another, " I swear
I would willingly spare
My castle and forest so fine :
With my sword in my hand
I would seek a strange land,
And make a new heritage mine."

Says Lord Rodolph—" Mine eyes
I can never despise
That dwell on the charms of my love ;
Yet I'd give up my sight
With heartfelt delight
If the plague fiend I thus could remove."

Lord Elmorie sighed
For he thought on his bride,
And the sorrows would live in her breast :
My life I declare
I would willingly spare
If thus I could save all the rest."

Lo! the Plague Fiend appears !
His mouth meets his ears,

And he shews his long fangs with a grin :
He's strip'd and he's dotted,
He's freckled and spotted,
His tongue is half out and half in.

His eyeball so burning
On Elmorie turning,
He exclaim'd with despite—
" My Lord I've a right
To take you at your word,
On your offer absurd :
But too proud you would be
If you ventured with me
Thus willing and free.
And as others make proffers,
I'll consider their offers,
Tho' I seek not their eyes,
And their wealth I despise.
You are seven I perceive,
And if I may believe,
Each would much undertake
For his country's dear sake ;
Nay, there's one would chuse
His existence to lose
In a fit of compassion
That others may dash on
In what they call health,
Which is nothing but stealth
Of a few years longer,
For they'll never grow stronger :
But all die without me,
As much as they flout me.
I'll impose no hard task,
A chance only I'll ask.—
Draw lots—that's all fair—
And let him leave this air,
And with me count his gains,
Who the blackest obtains.
On this very night
You may all by moonlight
In yon hermitage meet,
So tranquil and sweet,
Where a stream glides before
Just one step from the door ;
On that step will I stand
To take him by the hand
Who has drawn the black lot.
On that sweet soothing spot
He may walk out the last,
And when I hold him fast
Not a word shall I say
As I whirl him away
From the confines of day,
I vow to you here,
I shall only appear
On that little space,
And not sully the face
Of the smooth gliding stream,
That gives back the moon-beam :
'Tis a bulwark of brass
Which I must not pass :"

* All ballad readers are aware that a supernatural being *cannot* cross a stream. One of Burns' best ballads is founded on this belief.

Nor the Hermitage enter—
I don't wish to venture;
For a holy man's bones
Lie under the stones;
And were I to draw near
I should quiver with fear."

'The foul one was right
In his fiendish spite,
And keen was his knowledge of ill;
In liberty's cause,
For religion or laws,
'Tis delightful to die by our will.

But to perish by lot
Something chilling has got
Most deservedly dreaded by all;
To seem thus to Fate
An object of hate,
Full well may the stoutest appal.

Yet this noble seven,
Appealing to Heaven,
Accepted the offer he made;
Their souls, they were sure,
From his grasp were secure,
And till ev'ning they fasted and pray'd.

'Tis the silvery beam
Of the moon on the stream
Has made seven brave knights look so pale!
It is not that there,
'The lots they prepare
Might give cause to the stoutest to quail.

As soon as each elf
Was assured that himself
Had been spared from so dreadful a doom;
He turn'd eager eyes
On Sir Elmorie's prize,
Who flourish'd in life's early bloom.

He had drawn the black lot,
He alone trembled not,
But as usual was cheerful and free;
When Sir Elmorie spoke,
'Twas to please—'twas to joke,
And his converse was brilliant with glee.

The moon beam was strong,
And his shadow was long,
And fully pourtray'd on the wall:
When his friends had departed
He came on stout hearted,
Perhaps the least mournful of all.

He thought it was best
To meet with a jest,
A fate that no wailing could mend:
He points to the shade
So strongly pourtray'd,—
"There's another still coming, my friend."

The fiend thought him serious,
And looking mysterious,
Prepared the last comer to claw;
While by Cynthia's blest beam
Leaping over the stream,
Sir Elmorie 'scaped from his paw:

The Fiend snatched at the shade
So clearly display'd—
It was all he could carry away:
And no sign of the plague
In the city of Prague,
Has ever been seen from that day.

Tho' the sun may shine warm
On Sir Elmorie's form,
Not a shadow it casts on the ground:
Like a creature of light
He beams on the sight,
And his days are with gratitude crown'd.

MR. DAWSON TURNER'S TOUR IN NORMANDY.

Continued.

AT Bayeaux our travellers saw the famous tapestry known by the name of that town, [descriptive of the *Norman Conquest*.] Mr. Turner remarks on the incorrectness with which the French artists have copied this very curious piece of historical needle-work.

"Till the revolution this tapestry was always kept in the cathedral, in a chapel dedicated to Thomas à Becket, and was only exposed to public view once a year, during the octave of the feast of St. John, on which occasion it was hung up in the nave of the church, which it completely surrounded. From the time thus selected for the display of it, the tapestry acquired the name of *le toile de Saint John*, and it is to the present time commonly so called in the city.

During the most stormy part of the revolution, it was secreted; but it was brought to Paris when the fury of vandalism had subsided. And, when the First Consul was preparing for the invasion of England, this ancient trophy of the subjugation of the British nation was proudly exhibited to the gaze of the Parisians, who saw another *Conqueror* in Napoleon Buonaparté; and many well-sounding effusions, in prose and verse, appeared, in which the laurels of Duke William were transferred, by anticipation, to the brows of the child and champion of jacobinism. After this display, Buonaparté returned the tapestry to the municipality, accompanied by a letter, in which he thanked them for the care they had taken of so

precious a relic. From that period to the present, it has remained in the residence appropriated to the mayor, the former episcopal palace ; and here we saw it.

It is a piece of brownish linen cloth, about two hundred and twelve feet long, and eighteen inches wide, French measure. The figures are worked with worsted of different colours, but principally light red, blue, and yellow. The historical series is included between borders composed of animals, &c. The colours are faded, but not so much so as might have been expected. The figures exhibit a regular line of events, commencing with Edward the Confessor, seated upon his throne, in the act of despatching Harold to the court of the Norman Duke, and continued through Harold's journey, his capture by the Comte de Ponthieu, his interview with William, the death of Edward, the usurpation of the British throne by Harold, the Norman invasion, the battle of Hastings, and Harold's death. These various events are distributed into seventy-two compartments, each of them designated by an inscription in satin. Ducarel justly compares the style of the execution to that of a girl's sampler. The figures are covered with work, except on their faces, which are merely in outline. In point of drawing they are superior to the contemporary sculpture of St. George's and elsewhere ; and the performance is not deficient in energy. The colours are distributed rather fancifully ; thus the fore and off legs of the horse are varied. It is hardly necessary to observe that perspective is wholly disregarded, and that no attempt is made to express light and shadow.

"Great attention, however, is paid to costume ; and more individuality of character has been preserved than could have been expected, considering the rude style of the workmanship. The Saxons are represented with long mustachios : the Normans have their upper lip shaven, and retain little more hair upon their heads than a single lock in front.—Historians relate how the English spies reported the invading army to be wholly composed of ecclesiastics ;

and this tapestry affords a graphical illustration of the chroniclers' text. Not the least remarkable feature of the tapestry, in point of costume, lies in the armour, which, in some instances, is formed of interlaced rings ; in others of square compartments ; and in others of lozenges ; those who contend for the antiquity of Duke William's equestrian statue at Caen, may find a confirmation of their opinions in the shape of the saddles assigned to the figures of the Bayeux tapestry ; and equally so in their cloaks and their pendant braided tresses.

"The tapestry is coiled round a cylinder, which is turned by a winch and wheel ; and it is rolled and unrolled with so little attention, that if it continues under such management as the present, it will be wholly ruined in the course of half a century. It is injured at the beginning ; towards the end it becomes very ragged, and several of the figures have completely disappeared. The worsted is unravelling too in many of the intermediate portions. As yet, however, it is still in good preservation, considering its great age, though, as I have just observed, it will not long continue so. The bishop and chapter have lately applied to government, requesting that the tapestry may be restored to the church. I hope their application will be successful."

At Bayeux there is the following legend :

"Once upon a time, the wicked canons of the cathedral murdered their bishop ; in consequence of which foul deed, they and their successors for ever, were enjoined, by way of penance, annually to send one of their number to Rome, there to chaunt the epistle at the midnight mass. In the course of revolving centuries, this vexatious duty fell to the turn of the canon of Cambremer, who, to the surprise of the community, testified neither anxiety nor haste on the occasion. Christmas-eve arrived, and the canon was still in his cell : Christmas-night came, and still he did not stir. At length, when the mass was actually begun, his brethren, more uneasy than himself, reproached him with

his delay ; upon which he muttered his spell, called up a spirit, mounted him, reached Rome in the twinkling of an eye, performed his task, and, the service being ended, he stormed the archives of the Vatican, where he burned the compulsory act, and then returned by the same conveyance to Bayeux, which he reached before the mass was completed, and to the unspeakable joy of the chapter announced the happy tidings of their deliverance."

This story belongs to too many places to be worth repeating, were it not for the old Latin distich, which is preserved as having been extemporized by the demon as he was flying over the Tuscan sea, and by which he thought to get his rider to the bottom of it. The verses read both backwards and forwards.

Signa te, signa, temere me tangis et angis;
Roma tibi subito motibus ibit amor.

SCOTCH JACOBITE SONGS.

Mr. Editor,

HAVING lately fallen in with a collection of Jacobite songs, some of which I believe are not generally known, I herewith transmit you a few ; and should you deem them worth a place in the Literary Gazette, I may perhaps (on finding a suitable mode of conveyance) send you the whole, from which you might make your own selection.

Kaled.

Nov. 1820.

DONALD MACGILLAVRY.

Donald's gane up the hill hard and hungry ;
Donald comes down the hill wild and angry ;
Donald will clear the gouk's nest cleverly.
Here's to the king and Donald Macgillavry.*
Come like a weigh-bauk, Donald Macgillavry,
Come like a weigh-bauk, Donald Macgillavry ;
Balance them fair, and balance them cleverly :
Off wi' the counterfeit, Donald Macgillavry.

Donald's run o'er the hill but his tether, man,
As he were wud, or stang'd wi' an ether, man ;
When he comes back, there some will look merrily ;
Here's to King James and Donald Macgillavry.
Come like a weaver, Donald Macgillavry,
Come like a weaver, Donald Macgillavry,
Pack on your back, and elwand sae cleverly ;
Gie them full measure, my Donald Macgillavry.

Donald has foughten wi' rief and roguery ;
Donald has dinner'd wi' banes and beggary :
Better it were for Whigs and Whiggery
Meeting the Devil than Donald Macgillavry.
Come like a tailor, Donald Macgillavry,
Come like a tailor, Donald Macgillavry ;
Push about, in and out, thimble them cleverly.
Here's to King James and Donald Macgillavry !

* Donald Macgillavry is here put for the Highland Clans generally.

Donald's the callan that brooks nae tangleness ;
Whigging, and prigging, and a' newfangledness,
They maun be gane ; he winna be baukit, man ;
He maun hae justice, or faith he'll tak it, man.
Come like a cobbler, Donald Macgillavry,
Come like a cobbler, Donald Macgillavry ;
Beat them, and bore them, and lingel them cleverly.
Up wi' King James and Donald Macgillavry !

Donald was mumpit wi' mirds and mockery ;
Donald was blinded wi' blads o' property ;
Arles ran high, but makings were naething, man ;
Lord, how Donald is flyting and fretting, man !
Come like the Devil, Donald Macgillavry,
Come like the Devil, Donald Macgillavry ;
Skelp them and scaud them that prov'd sae unbrith-
erly.
Up wi' King James and Donald Macgillavry !

THE PRINCE'S WELCOME.

1.

Thou stem sprung from a noble line,
And Monarch, in thy Right Divine,
By the chains which too long have bound us,
By the light which doth surround us,
To shew the world what thou art,
We welcome our Charlie Stewart.

2.

Thy people's trust and pride,
With valour at thy side,
By the joy thy presence yieldeth,
By the power thy subjects wieldeth—
Who ever, and still to thee true art,
We welcome thee, Charlie Stewart.

3.

Heir of our ancient throne,
Whom thy country now doth own,
By the songs glad North is singing,
And by hopes like flowers up-springing
To gladden every true heart—
Welcome ! welcome, Charlie Stewart.

Can we forget the bright days gone by,
Enshrined in our nation's story ?
Nor think of the present dark destiny,
O'ershadowing all its glory ?

And are such days ever past and gone ?
 When like thy strong bulwark unshaken
 Thou remained ? Has Honour abjured thy throne ?
 Shall the spirit of Freedom ne'er waken ?

Lo ! the day-star of Hope hath risen afar,
 Its beams shining brightly o'er thee ;
 We hear the sullen approach of war,
 Which shall drive the tyrant before thee.

The foemen are gathering many and fast ;
 Soon their blood shall darken the water :
 The rav'ning birds, greedy for their rich repast,
 Are screaming and swooping for slaughter.

Joy to thee, Scotland, Joy ! ere long
 Thy name as it wont shall betoken ;
 Thou'lt again be the land of peace and song,
 When thy chains are shiver'd and broken.

THE RIVER OF LIFE.

1.

When young Hope's flattering dreams
 We are joyfully pursuing—
 When Fancy's golden schemes
 Our path with flowers is strewing—
 Who hastes not where such beauty gleams ?
 (—Its distance deceiveth us ever !)
 Who longs not to plunge amidst its streams,
 And cross Life's shining river ?

2.

Yet when we reach the brink—
 Wildly its waters are flowing—
 When its sparkling streams we drink,
 How cold !—though in sunshine glowing—
 That we shrink back heartless and chill'd,
 (Nor would we venture ever—
 If so we might—) with tremblings filled,
 To buffet Life's foaming river !

3.

For Hope turns faint and dim—
 Sweet Fancy but deceives us ;
 And as we onwards swim,
 Joy with Life's current leaves us
 To struggle with the waves which beat,
 Their fierceness encreasing ever—
 Left helpless, if Faith should not elate,
 While crossing Life's impetuous river.

4.

Has Faith e'er failed in time of need
 To strengthen and up-buoy us,
 When we perceive Earth to recede ?
 Oh ! it cheers us with prospects joyous !
 Scenes changeless and true—what they seem to
 be,
 When Life's tumultuous river
 Hath flowed into Eternity,
 Shall be unveil'd ! and remain ours for ever !

THE SCOTCH NOVELS.

From the London Magazine.

WE think, with the late excellent and much lamented Mrs. Brunton*, that "single pages of these works are worth whole volumes of common inventions." Without taking upon us directly to affirm, that their author is the greatest writer of the present day, we may be permitted to say for ourselves, that there is no living author whom we would so much wish to be. We give him this preference, because none of his contemporaries seem to us to have so universal and exquisite a relish for all the immense variety of natural objects that present themselves to the faculty and observation; or so quick and sound a feeling of their essential qualities and distinct characters:—but principally because his mind appears to possess, in a degree peculiar to itself, the admirable propriety of digesting all its food into *healthy chyle*. More than any other writer, except Shakspeare, and not less than Shakspeare himself, he renders the reading of his works encouraging to human nature, by putting us in good humor with whatever he offers to our attention: and this beautiful result, in consequence of the power and comprehension of his genius, and the truth and vigor of his moral constitution, he effects without ever shocking the principles of conscience, or violating any one rule of civil or sacred authority. We join the course of his lively and rapid narrative in the true spirit of the

* The mentioning of this lady's name affords an opportunity, which we cannot let slip, of noticing how much society has lost, both of example and ornament, by her premature death. The women of this country will never, we confidently believe, be inclined to listen to the jargon of the writers who are perpetually endeavouring by hints, or open recommendations, to render their minds familiar with things evil, to induce them to overleap the sacred inclosure of female reserve, and set at defiance those guards of honour, which, by the laws of society, are appointed to wait upon their purity. Let them contemplate the charms that attend such a character as Mrs. Brunton's, and they are safe from seduction.

chace; we there find men and animals, all at full cry, displaying their natural instincts and dispositions in the ardor of cheerful exercise; the scenery around is fresh and invigorating; health and manliness are made to circulate through our frames; in the mean time, the creatures which in their natures are noxious and dangerous, are ultimately run down and destroyed, but without the sportsman having been once provoked into a sentiment of hostility or ill-will—still less seduced into a false sympathy with their actions, or exposed to any contagious influence from their propensities.

This delightful and salutary property of the writings in question, we owe to the philosophical knowledge of human nature which their author so eminently possessed, and which necessarily takes the shape of urbanity in his disposition, while it produces a corresponding frame in the breast of the reader. His nice discernment of the real springs of actions, and his sensibility to their true play, give him the power of placing before us all the varieties of conduct and incident in the vivid light of natural phenomena: while they strike upon our fancies with all the force of experience, we seem to be let into the secret of the inevitable causes which produce what are usually called the hazards of life. Our author goes to the very germ of all:—the fountain head—the well-spring from which the stream of each individual's existence takes its course and color, is discovered by him, and this is almost always found to be placed deep in the natural order of things; "now," says Madame de Sevigné, "I am never either astonished or offended by what is in the natural order of things."

Another consequence of this intense feeling for natural truth, enjoyed by the extraordinary author of the Scotch novels, is, that, more than any other writer of the day, he gives to his productions an impress which secures them a permanently current acceptation. The most ardent admirers of his most celebrated companions in literary exertion will admit, that there is a possibility of posterity's not sustaining their decision

on the merits of their favorites; and the reason of this doubtfulness is, that they all distinguish themselves in certain *modes*, peculiar to themselves: each of them has set a fashion of his own, and in it only to be regarded as pre-eminent. Now we never can be sure of the real worth of any fashion, nor calculate with certainty the period of its duration; circumstances, not principles, cause it to be warmly supported, or bitterly decried: it constitutes the distinction of a sect, and the creed of a sect is no rule for mankind at large. But the author whom we are now endeavoring to characterize, bears this second resemblance and mark of affinity to Shakspeare, that he is as general in his tastes as nature is multifarious in her appearances; while his style runs evenly but loosely on, in unpretending submission to what the occasion requires him to say. His compositions are not marked by particular *veins* of thought or language: he is not studiously moody, like Lord Byron, nor involuntarily mystical like Wordsworth, nor laboriously gay like Moore: his mind, in fact, presents no obstacles, in the shape of pre-conception or predispositions, to the free and fair development of his story and its characters. He speaks just what is set down for him in the book of nature, and we know that its pages are always open before his eyes, and we feel assured that what we read in his, has been faithfully transcribed from them. In the works of almost all other writers we find the disposition of their author reflected on their surface; and the peculiarities of this disposition form at once the principle of their power and beauty, and the source of their objectional qualities. Thus, to refer again to the authors we have already named, Byron is impassioned, and grandly sombre, but too frequently false and theatrically pretending; Wordsworth is sublime and pathetic, but he is also sometimes trifling, and often prosing and unwieldy; Moore has a sparkling fancy, but occasionally overpowers his readers with conceits, betrays the pains he has taken to be tender, and the labor with which he is gay. The writer of the Scotch novels

betrays nothing of himself, but the vivid impressions which the genuine features of his subject have made on his mind: he is personally lost in the idea of the characters which he represents; and, whatever fault we may have to find with his descriptions, or whatever merit we may see in them, they all pass as more or less lucky seizures of the actual lineaments of nature. Shakspeare has been almost reproached with the universality of his feelings of character,—not on good grounds however, as it appears to us; and we certainly do not mean to raise the subject of these remarks to any thing like an equality with the prince of our island's literature: in the power of the imaginative faculty he is far inferior,—not only to him, to whom all are inferior,—but to several who might be mentioned: yet in the ready reception of nature's impressions, in the power of vividly reflecting them back to others, in strong taste and high relish for the natural properties of things however dissimilar, we may consider that our author suggests a direct comparison between himself and Shakspeare, and that no other name in modern literature, however distinguished, will bear any comparison with him in these respects. It is this power and sagacity of perception which renders it certain that his honors will perpetuate themselves, that his popularity will not pass by, that the numerous volumes which have streamed, as it were, from his pen, will give as much pleasure to readers hereafter as they give to us to-day.—They are, as has before been said, the only modern works of which this can be safely predicted. It is very possible that some of the productions of his contemporaries may rise in estimation as they advance in age: there are some which in our opinion, well deserve to do so; but as particular systems of criticism, and moods of one's own mind, are concerned in the judgments passed upon them, we cannot be sure that it will be sustained by the solemn ratification of posterity. The day may come when the verdicts of the Edinburgh Review shall be reversed: it is not morally certain that those of the Quar-

terly will perpetuate themselves; for the most popular fashions of the time often become antiquated, and are forgotten; our own dispositions change with circumstances; the simple forms of nature only remain fresh, and are unalterable.

Let us give an example tending to prove the justice of this description of the author's literary character and constitution, before going further in general observations on his works. The parting of Jarvie, the manufacturing Glasgow Baillie, from Rob Roy, his cousin, the Highland robber, is one of the most beautiful scenes painted by this writer's irresistible and universal pen. It is very droll, but, at the same time, its truth renders it deeply pathetic; and in this respect it affords an excellent illustration, to the shame of French criticism, how intimately the comic and the affecting are connected in the nature of things, and how closely they may be brought together in representation, without hurting the effect of either, but, in fact, to heighten the effect of both.—Those who can go deep into human nature find where their roots entwine; it is only the superficial and heartless who fancy them essentially dis severed. The Baillie assured his kinsman, that if ever a *hundred pound*, or even *two*! would put him, or his family, in a *settled way*, he need but just send a line to the Saut-market. Rob returned the compliment by squeezing hard the magistrate's hand, grasping the basket-hilt at his side, and protesting that, should any ambitious or intriguing rival affront his kinsman, Mr. Jarvie had only to let him know, *and he would stow his lugs out of his head were he the best man in Glasgow!* How exquisite is all this! The citizen, in a moment of enthusiasm, offering a hundred pound—or even *two*! The Highlander, in the warmth of friendly feeling tendering his services to crop the ears of any corporation or manufacturing opponent! The Baillie, overcome by the tenderness of a farewell—

“—a sound that hath been, and must be,”

with the tide of consanguinity becoming riotous in his veins, the memory of his

departed father the deacon giving elevation to his sentiments, and thankful, beyond measure, that he was at length to leave the Highlands in a whole skin, with nothing lost but the tail of his coat—waxes nobly generous on the very strength of his intense consciousness of the value of money. A careless prodigal fellow would not have gone half so far in his offer of assistance. The Baillie's liberality bursts out with impetuosity, like a dam of water when the sluice is raised. His "*one hundred, or even two,*" is like the spring of a cripple, who, not being able to walk a moderate pace, throws himself four feet forward at a time! Such touches as these are not the fruit of study; the giving of them is not probably accompanied with a preconception of their effect when given; they escape as it were, like natural oozings, from a mind gifted with a wonderfully quick and true feeling of what is picturesque in the operation of the principles of character; and which is thus guided, with infallible certainty, to the seat of the principles themselves. About the immortality of such transcripts there is no doubt; for he who runs may read them. To give them up would be to resign human nature; to root out from our souls the sympathies which make of us a *kind*—which gives us a possession in the past, and an interest in the future. Baillie Jarvie, then, and Mucklebarns, and Mr. Macwheebie, and volunteer Gilfillan, and lawyer Pleydell, and captain Dalgetty, will endure; these gentlemen will continue in the perpetual enjoyment of health and spirits, and, by means of our intimacy with them, we, the tenants of to-day, may be said to shake hands cordially with our predecessors in the motley game of human life, and to share the interest of it even with those who are to take up our cards after we have dropped them. But our admiration of the lowering brows, sinewy limbs, sweeping swords, daring hearts, and dark fancies, of the Conrads, Alps, and Laras, does not lead us to be equally sure of their longevity. The Oroonates and Amadis of the old French romances delighted readers of that time, and even

gained an empire over sensibilities of the most native kind: they have lost their power over such however, while the touching pathos, the tenderness, and comic force of Clement Marot, still present themselves with an air of pleasing familiarity, and retain over the heart their gentle but commanding influence.

The picture which we have just taken from one of these novels, affords also a striking example of the moral sweetness, the genial, cordial spirit, which we have affirmed to predominate in these compositions. It presents one of the truest and most useful of moral lessons. A writer, such as some we have amongst us, would put down Baillie Jarvie, seeing him in his ordinary habits, and with his every-day look on, as an incurably wretched, grovelling, muck-hearted creature; a Presbyterian ass, as intolerant as stupid; a servile politician; one who spent his Sundays in gloom, and his week-days in attending to business; a piece of corporation pomposity and folly, who worshipped God and honored the king—in short, a poor, ignorant, money-getting, debt-paying creature! But our author is no such vulgar, shallow, insincere observer: he sees the Baillie in his counting-house, and afterwards of an evening, with his favorite servant setting his arm chair for him, and he instantly enters into his soul; the consequence of which is, that he puts the Glasgow magistrate before us in kindly, pleasing, and even noble points of view. Shrewd, strict, and cautious, it is true, but considerate also towards others; firm to his friend in a broil, as well as with a dealer in a bargain; anxious to turn a penny, but making generous sacrifices of pounds; punctual in his performances, as well as in his demands; regular in kirk-going, but not less moved to make of Mattie Mrs. Jarvie:—in fine, in the midst of hereditary prejudices and limited ideas, giving a romantic and solemn character to his daily consciousness, by cherishing the memory of his father, as if his spirit were a superior presence ever with him,—rendering it, at the same time, august and imposing to his imagination, by clothing it in perpetuity with the con-

stituted and coveted dignity that emanates from the office of a Glasgow deacon! How lean on the caul would one of the intellectual and elegant characters, formed on the new system of scepticism and universal suffrage, turn out to be, on dissection of its qualities, in comparison with Baillie Jarvie!

Again, the worthy Baillie, in company with his very different kinsman, illustrates, in a forcible manner, the folly and falsehood of sweeping denunciations and party condemnations. This, however, is almost invariably the effect of the scenes, in which characters are concerned, in the whole of these novels. Take, for instance, Colonel Talbot's description of the chiefs of the Jacobite cause, and his criticism on the Highland ladies; and then refer, as *per contra*, to MacIvor's ideas of the Hanoverian ministers, and contempt of the English manners. The children of the mist, hunted as wild beasts amidst their dens and barren rocks, whose name was an abomination in the ears of men, are found by one who is introduced to their retreat, and experiences their protection, to be faithful and enthusiastic; they are only terrible in the intense consciousness and devout belief of the wrongs they have suffered, and the right of revenge which they possess.—Who shall decide between the English Judge at Carlisle, offering his solemn, and, at the same time, compassionate exhortations to repentance of deadly crime, and the chief of Glennaquoich thus apostrophizing him from the prisoner's bar:—"proceed, in the name of God, to do what is permitted to you.—

Yesterday, and the day before, you have condemned loyal and honorable blood to be poured forth like water—spare not mine—were that of all my ancestors in my veins, I would have perilled it in this quarrel!" And when the same judge, his heart overflowing with commiseration for the humble but faithful follower of this staunch and fearless chief, offers him his life if he can make up his mind to petition for grace; while the other replies—"grace me no grace, since you are to shed Vich Ian Vohr's blood:"—who does not feel that human nature is, after all, a sublime and admirable thing, even in its inconsistencies, weaknesses, and uncertainties? The sentiments of the heart of man seem to be essentially true and noble, however conflicting their manifestations may be in different individuals; and once convinced of this, charity for what clashes with our own opinions and interests, sympathy with others in their misfortunes, and a sense of consolation when we struggle with affliction ourselves, grow up in the mind. The influence of this conviction it is scarcely possible to resist in reading these works: it is forced upon us by the writer's beautiful art to put forward prominently what may be called the redeeming points of character,*—which are, in fact, as we have already said, nothing but the natural points; and it is this fact which it is worth so much to know. The knowledge of it however, is never suffered to hurt the soundness or safety of the practical effect. We see each thing as it really is, and this hinders us from being very angry with it;† yet we always perceive the best to

* Even Dirk Hatteraik, just before his death, shews "the soul of goodness in things evil." He says, in answer to the reproach, that he had crowned a life, spent without a single virtue, with the murder of his accomplice: "virtue, donner! I was always faithful to my ship-owners—always accounted for cargo to the last stiver!" And, accordingly, he spends his last hour in writing to the house at Flushing on business matters, and giving information of the loss of their vessel; this done, he went and hanged himself. Dalgetty's love for his horse, leading him to overcome his natural selfishness in so affecting a manner, in favour of the animal, is another instance: but the motherly and daughterly attachment, between the murtheress Margaret Murdockson, and her mad child, Madge Wildfire, is one of the most extraordinary we can quote.

† Witness the fine reply of the fisherman's wife, when Monkbarns hopes that the distilleries, will never be permitted to work again:—"Aye, aye, its easy for your honour, and the like of you gentle folks, to say sae, that hae stouth and routh, and fire and fending, and meat and claith, and sit dry and canny by the fireside; but an' ye wanted fire, and meat, and dry claith, and were deeing o' cauld, and had a sair heart, whilk is warst ava', wi' just tippence in your pouch, wadna ye be glad to buy a dram wi't, to be eilding and claith, and a supper, and heart's ease into the bargain, till the morn's morning." Her account of the daily occupation of her husband, affords a touching set-off to the haggling for the price of the haddocks which immediately preceded it:

be the best, and entertain a sense of the justice and necessity of the various common preservatives of the order of society. At the same time, a single, unkindly, egotistic, worldly feeling is not provoked from the beginning of these works to the end: yet they are as far from being tame or mawkish as possible. They are full of action, and the action is as various as it can be: they teem with drollery, enthusiasm, ambition, hardihood, passion, and in short excitement of every kind. Is the feeling of this author for the darker features of nature, external and internal, less lively than that of Lord Byron? Has he a less quick sense of the heroic and ambitious in character? of the reckless and misanthropical in heart? Is he less alive to the clash of arms? less knowing in the ways of fierce, rapacious, and gloomy natures? less intimately acquainted with the workings of the darker passions? A negative may be given to all these questions. His descriptions of glens, and lochs, and mountain-heads, have sternness apparent in the midst of their beauty and graphical exactness, which animates with the spirit of the eagle, the scenery of the eagle's dwelling place. His portraits of Balfour of Burleigh, of Rob Roy, of his wife Helen, of Meg Merrilies,* speak his sympathy for that depravity of strong and high natures, the result of mortification produced by "the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune;" and above all, by the "oppressor's wrong, and proud man's contumely," met by the fierce re-action of a contumelious, proud disposition within. None of those desperate and daring spirits who have enlisted in the world's forlorn hope; no Jacobin or other malcontent, breasting the breakers where the shipwrecked state lies pitching herself to pieces, in the desire to ride above them to the shore on the fragments,—ever gave to their dispositions so grand an

air of resolute philosophy, as distinguishes Macgregor's reply to Osbaldistone, when the latter expresses regret for the scene of promiscuous confusion and distress likely to arise from any general exertion in favor of the exiled royal family:—"let it come man—let it come! ye never saw dull weather clear without a shower, and if the world is turned upside-down, why honest men will have a better chance to cut bread out of it." Yet with all this deep feeling for the vindictive, the guilty, the remorseful, the terror-struck, the condemned, the hopeless, the withered in heart, the dying, and the despairing, what a sympathising, honorable, bland impression of his own character, does this author leave on the minds of his readers! No one would ever suspect him, as some have been suspected, of sitting for his own ruffians; yet they are as natural as life. He must have found them somewhere, for they all, and each, bear witness of their identity, but that somewhere, it is clear, has never been his own heart.

The general name of these works, "the Scotch novels," will always indicate an era in our literary history, for they add a new species to the catalogue of our native literary productions, and nothing of the same nature has been produced any where else. They are as valuable as history and descriptive travels for the qualities which render these valuable; while they derive a bewitching animation from the soul of poetry, and captivate the attention by the interest of romantic story. As pictures of national manners they are inestimable: as views of human nature, influenced by local circumstance, they are extremely curious; as enthusiastic appeals to the passions and the imagination, they supply a strong stimulus to these faculties; and, by running the course of the story through the most touching incidents, and within sight of

---"he was awa' this morning by four o'clock, when the sea was working like barm wi' yestreen's wind, and our bit coble dancing in't like a cork." Well might poor Meggie say to the antiquary ---"it's no fish ye're buying, it's men's lives."

* What sublimity is there in the reply of this extraordinary creature to some one who calls her by the familiar title of good woman. "I'm nae good woman---a' the country kens I am bad enough, an ma' be sorry enough that I am nae better; but I can do what good women canna' and darena do."

the grandest events, they carry the reader's sympathy perpetually with them. One great cause of their absorbing and irresistible power of fascination, is the astonishing variety of the author's hand, guided by a sensibility co-extensive, as we have already said, with nature herself. His feeling is universal in its enjoyments,—and this enables him to supply inexhaustible enjoyment to others. How complete is his sense of the majesty and force of Scripture language,—and what a relish he has for the slang of smugglers and jailors, the phraseology of gamekeepers and border cudgel players, and the law jargon of a Canongate lawyer of seventy years back! He enters, with the most delicate perception, into the sensitive, genteel well-dressed character of a modern English captain; displays with gusto the pedantry of an old French musquetaire, or high German martinet; draws his broad-sword with the irregular fury of a Highland clansman; preaches with the ultra eloquence of a hunted sectarian; raves sublime madness with those wonderful creatures, whom he seems to have emancipated from the common obligations of reason, only to enable them to hover on the brink of the ordinary world, looking into the supernatural; to see with more rapid glance into the secrets of things, and to startle their hearers with a more vivid, searching, electrifying language than falls from the lips of the common children of men! Are these gifts such as many possess? Could many, like him, run so truly over all the notes in the human gamut, if we may so speak, from the extremest *alto* of chivalry, down to the commonest details of a Fenchurch-street counting-house? It is not mere truth, however, that forms all the merit of these astonishingly varied representations, he enters into each with delight; is at home every where, as well in regard to his feelings as his knowledge; and goes on, illustrating richly through his whole course, manifesting, for that purpose, treasures of appropriate terms and anecdotes, which surprise us by proving a *learning* equal to his natural faculties. He seems to have lived every where and

with every body; to have fought under Gustavus, and taken several trips with Dirk Hatteraik;—but then the wonder is, when he could have copied in the office under Mr. Pleydell, and served his apprenticeship to a Glasgow weaver, both of which, it is quite clear, he has done, as well as stood precentor under a field preacher's tent, and performed the duty of rough rider to his Majesty's horse-guards. That he has acquired his technical expertness by actual experience, is impressed on our belief, by the air of freedom which never forsakes him. There is no where, in his writings, the least indication visible of the common place book; and this is one of the things which may serve to prove that Mr. Southey is not the author of these works. Mr. Southey is often very amusing, and unaccountable in his illustrations—we should often “wonder how the devil they got there,” if it were not clear, that he has all the fruits of his reading registered, paged, and indexed, fit for use at a moment's notice. A late article of his, that appeared in the *Quarterly Review*, on copy-right, contains a curious quotation from Walton, which may serve to show what we mean.

We really believe, though it may seem much to say, that the Scotch novels, as they are the first of their class, so they are inimitable—perfectly, hopelessly inimitable for the time to come. How long their author may continue their repetitions, we shall not attempt to decide, for as their source is a natural, not an artificial one, “age cannot wither, nor custom stale his infinite variety;” but, all circumstances considered, it seems too much to expect, that another person with equal gifts, and another opportunity with equal advantages, for seizing the real facts of history, and homely incidents of life, and genuine features of character, and throwing over them all the garb and air of romance, and enlivening them with the spirit of lofty poetry, will ever again appear. The peculiar gifts required are so widely distinct from the common ingredients of what is called talent, or, at least, their perfect union

forms a character so rare amongst men of talent, that we dare not speculate on the re-appearance of the phenomenon. We admit that it is very possible a man may arise again amongst us with a devoted attachment to terriers and stag-hounds, with a keen appetite for poney-riding over the Cheviot Hills, philanthropically inclined to institute foot-ball and single-stick matches, and proud of seeing a piper, arrayed in a garb of old Gaul, enter amongst his company after dinner to "lap them in Elysium."—Such a man may arise again amongst us; and such a man must arise, before we could hope for a re-production of the Scotch novels: but is it probable, that this endowed person will be at the same time deeply read in genealogical latin, troubadour poetry, the writings of the Prophets, and the history of the thirty years war? If he be deficient in any one of these particulars, he is useless for our purpose. It certainly is possible that, even in this late day, more persons than one may yet manifest tastes and talents fitting them to be armourers to knights errant—to dress John of Gaunt, or instruct the Baron of Bradwardine, how he should stoop to take off his Prince's boot: and such lore, and such accomplishments, would be wanted before any second author could hope to rival our first;—but, supposing all these possessed by some future individual, is it to be imagined that he would at the same time be fond of getting into "his altitudes" at Clerighugh's, —and have also a particularly acute relish for the system of book-keeping, by double and single entry, as practised by the worthy Mr. Owen, in the house of Osbaldistone and Tresham. Lastly, —not to be tedious on one that is never so,—we do not absolutely despair of the existence of some as warm and successful lovers of nature in her sublimest seats and wildest recesses; as often honored with her rarest revelations; nay, as enthusiastic admirers of the ardent, disinterested, imaginative character, which was fostered by persecution, and fashioned and endowed by a theology, as gloomy and as sublime as the caves and the mountains

that gave refuge to its conscientious adepts: but the insurmountable difficulty lies in supposing, that, to these feelings and faculties will be added an intimate acquaintance with the mysteries of the dog-kennel, an off-hand familiarity with the forms of court etiquette, and the smartest custom of town-life.

Such a combination constitutes the literary character of the author of the Scotch novels; and we confess we do not think that it has ever before occurred, or that it ever will occur again: but, if it did, we want still more to the reproduction of such works. A high degree of personal respectability; a situation in life commanding intimacy with men and manners; practical habits of business,—all evidently conspire to lend a finishing charm to these compositions, by bestowing freedom and firmness on their style, giving them a clear complexion, a decorous carriage, stripping them entirely of professional rust, leaving nothing forced or awkward about their familiarity, and repressing altogether the air of authorship, and the affected graces of writing. Then, supposing that we have again found one as *able*, is it within the range of chances that he would be as *willing*? That, to the same miraculous powers, he would add the equally miraculous, industry? That he would possess the same resolution of will; the same shrewdness in an honorable pursuit; and add as much worldly sagacity to an equal portion of intellectual strength and refinement? We reply, certainly not: therefore, for all these reasons together,—and the reader will think we have given enough of them,—we pronounce that the Scotch novels must remain alone, forming their own class, which is a new one in literature, and which they may be considered to have both commenced and finished. We should much sooner expect another author equal to the *Paradise Lost*, than another equal to *Guy Mannering* and *Rob Roy*; though in saying this, we do not mean to intimate that the writer of the latter is a greater man than *Milton*. Such a comparison would be impertinent; but certainly we would extend

to this anonymous author the reply which we once heard made by a lady to one who expressed a wish for another Shakspeare:—"Another Shakspeare! nonsense! Shakspeare *has* been!"

We might ask also—if another author, equally gifted and favorably circumstanced, were found, where could be found such another subject? or what possibility is there of recurring again to the same, after the present writer shall have done with it? It may be affirmed, we believe, that no people, but the Scotch, ever have afforded so great a *variety* of materials to construct historical and characteristic fictions, as that of the collection which the author of these novels has extracted and employed; and that no people, not even the Scotch, will ever be so rich again. If we are wrong we shall be glad to be corrected; but to us it appears, that the records of no time or nation supply so much of the picturesque in quality and incident,—in local scenery, public affairs, personal character, social manners, and religious creeds, all combined—as the people from amongst whom this writer has taken his subjects, during the period through which he has, in the course of their long series, completely ranged.—Eloquence, thought, information, enthusiasm, superstition, patriotism, simplicity, rural habits, courage, persecution, devotion, constancy, poetical taste, robbery, murder, rebellion, executions; these form but part of the catalogue of the circumstances and qualities which crowd on the service of the Scottish history, at the period in question! When and where has there been another people so deeply and thoroughly imbued with an habitual inspiration of lofty thoughts and lofty conduct, as the Scottish nation was, when its whole soul and language, throughout all its classes, were full, even to saturation, of the majesty, efficacy, and eloquence of the Hebrew Scriptures? * Nothing can be quoted, from any other page in the world's annals, to match, for imposing

effect, the demure and frowning Presbyterian hero, with his sword girt round his loins, and his hope set on the rock of ages—proud, and obstinate and intrepid as Achilles—but with an imagination full of things *not made with hands*, and therefore more nobly occupied than that of Achilles. The sensual part of man was entirely rooted out of his being; the *beauty of holiness* took the place of all other beauty in his eyes; he saw the towers of Zion always rising before him, and for ever had in his ears the sound of the archangel's trumpet, calling him to the *good fight*, either as martyr or warrior. Such were the men "who looked not at thrones or dynasties, but to the rule of Scripture for their directions." It was then, says Jenny Deans, that the chosen of the Lord had the privilege given to them to see *far into eternity*, as a compensation from their Master, for the pains and trials to which he called them to expose themselves for his sake. Individuals, at various times, and in various places, have been thus lifted up into the third heaven, under the influence of excitements or temperaments peculiar to themselves; but a vast national sentiment of this nature, causing the babe to lisp the language of Hebron, and the young woman to coquette in oriental metaphor, while she avoided promiscuous and vain dancing even as a bird avoids the snare of the fowler, cannot be paralleled. Is there any feature in the ancient sybil, finer than Mause Headrigg, "that precious woman," can match? She who "lifteth up her voice to confound the man of sin—even the scarlet man;" who told Serjeant Bothwell to his teeth, that he was "allied to the great dragon—Revelations twelfth chapter, third and fourth verses:" who was proud of her son when she saw him "going to testify with his mouth at the council, as he had testified with his weapon in the field;" and who in despite of a mother's affection, implored him to "remain faithful even until death, and not to sully

* It is to be observed that the Covenanters and Cameronians almost always quoted from the Old Testament: their tastes, gloomy yet grand, and their habits severe and hardy though devout, sufficiently account for this preference.

his bridal garment." Then there are "Macbriar, with his sublime sermon to the victorious covenanters, and his still more sublime reply to Dalzell and Lauderdale when they were sending him from torture to death; and the terrible Balfour of Burley, in his "cave of Adulam,"—with his sword with three *notches*, each notch "testifying to a deliverance wrought for the church;" a man "zealous even to slaying!" Truly, as well as beautifully, does our author say of such scenes and characters, that they "formed a picture of which the lights might have been given by Rembrandt, but the outline would have required the force and vigour of Michael Angelo." We must not forget the more tender, yet equally pious Elizabeth Maclure, "dwelling alone like the widow of Zarephthah:" she whose sight gradually faded away, after her aged eyes had been dazzled by the flash of the shots that were the death of her last son; but who was comforted, nevertheless, in the thought, that he and his brother fell for a broken covenant! For steady, manly, consistent, quiet keeping, however, there is perhaps nothing finer than the character of David Deans: he who had "features far from handsome, and rather harsh and severe, but which, from their indication of habitual gravity and contempt for earthly things, had an expression of stoical dignity amidst their sternness." Hear him exclaiming, "how proud was I o' being made a spectacle to men and angels, having stood on the pillory at the Canongate afore I was fifteen years old, for the cause of a national covenant." But in moral dignity far beyond this exultation is his exclamation when they bring him news of his ruined daughter's misfortune: "leave me, sirs—leave me! I maun wrastle with this trial in privacy and on my knees."—As for his eldest daughter, and comfort, Jenny Deans, and her super-heroic refusal to save even her beloved sister from death by a falsehood; while, under a quiet exterior, she was struggling in her pious soul with agonies such as dispositions generally called more susceptible are not capable of experienc-

ing—how much is she above Brutus condemning his son for a breach of military discipline! Nor would any one, who has witnessed true religious feeling exemplified in the practice of humble and holy families in this part of the nation, doubt for a moment that many broken but unfailing hearts might be found to realize, in needful circumstances, poor Jenny's hard but successful trial, and come, like her, through the furnace unsinged. Her journey to London, to beg her sister's pardon of the king and queen, confident of a ready introduction through the interest of her cousin Mrs. Glass, who kept the snuff-shop, is as touching, and seriously beautiful, and at the same time as comic, as the adventures of Don Quixote. Here Jenny shews herself as romantic and enthusiastic, as she usually appears quiet, steady, and industrious—as intrepid in emergencies, as she is humble in her ordinary habits. It seems, at first, a pity, that the author did not send her lover, the silent laird Dumbiedikes, to keep her company, during her long journey on his poney; but, on consideration, we find a good and substantial reason for omitting the squire: the poney would only go one road, and that road was not the London one, but lay between St. Leonard's farm and the mansion-house of Dumbiedikes. The possessor of this place is as rich in absolute nothingness, as Slender himself; and Callummore hits him off, with Shaksperian felicity at one touch—"I have seen Dumbiedikes three times fou', and have only heard him speak buton ce."

Against the devout Presbyterian, oppose the proud licentious Highland chief, and his romantic, faithful, but rapacious and cruel followers! What a leap in an instant, and yet not beyond the limits of the national manners, nor beyond our author's power of representation. The haughtiness of Mac Ivor, the enthusiastic vengeance of Helen Mac Gregor, the hasty blood of the guests at M'Aulay's castle, are qualities which, added to the desperation of the causes into which these men rushed, as if danger increased their alacrity—and the gloomy grandeur of the scenery around

them, demand the hand of a master to arrange and groupe them in composition, but of which our master makes pictures of a sublimer gloom than any of Salvator Rosa or Caravaggio. Yet touches of cheerfulness, gentleness, and soft beauty, are constantly introduced into these, which remove all the stiffness of studied effect, and throw the freshness of nature, as well as an agreeable light over their surface.

But the most peculiar feature in the Scottish character, which is precisely what our author has caught and given with the greatest power, remains to be noticed. The superstitious belief of certain supernatural revelations to the persecuted saints of the covenant, we have hinted at ; but, besides this, there belongs to the nation a more general and remarkable superstition, more poetical in its effects, and more extensive in its combinations with the social manners of the people. This superstition is of a most remarkable character, for a mystery and uncertainty hover about the supernatural principle, which render it impossible to be classed either with good or bad influences. Those supposed to be gifted with it, might move in the common affairs of life like other persons, exciting a sort of vague feeling of awe, but by no means supposed to have broken the bond of brotherhood with their fellow-men. The second-sight of Scotland cannot be regarded, like astrology, as partaking of the nature of scientific or learned deduction : it was not considered, like witchcraft, as a branded and hated league with the enemy : at the same time, it received no sanction from the Christian religion, and exemplary devotion seems to have had no necessary connexion with its possession. Those to whom this sensibility was understood to belong, seemed to feel it to be a fearful burthen, and were distinguished among others by their deep melancholy. The spirit of the mountains and rivers appears to have been their chief master, but it is impossible to describe exactly the nature of the spell : its attributes, and effects, are so vague, shifting, and even contradictory. The character of those

to whom it was imputed, appears to have wavered between superior natural acuteness, and mental derangement ; to which may be added, as the general basis, a highly susceptible taste for the poetical and the picturesque. There were, however, many different degrees of the gift ; and numbers there were who could not be said to possess it at all, yet who might be considered as forming a sort of lay brothers of the order. Some of these had dreams that never failed to be fulfilled, and others were afflicted with an insanity which led them to denounce judgments and hazard prophecies. Our author has made excellent use of these materials : there is not a single variety of the character which he has not exhibited ; nor scarcely a combination into which it was possible to join their separate properties, which he has not made. The most perfect specimen of the second-sighted seer, is Allan M'Aulay : and his unfortunate birth, and unfortunate love, supply the philosophy and the pathos of the phenomenon. Meg Merri- lies is of a more composite order : she is the gipsy and the weird-wife, the vagrant, the thief, and in part the maniac. It has been thought that some of her introductions into the story bear too theatrical an air ; but we apprehend this objection to be founded in mistake. Striking effect—even studied artful effect—always attends the actions and appearances of these wild creatures ; their language is figured and poetical, their costume extravagant, and advantage is carefully taken by them of all the accidents of nature. Davie Gellatly and the Gaberlunzie man, are all varieties of the same species. The former we think an excellent representation. He is a “ crack-brained knave, who can execute very well any commission which jumps with his own humour.” His memory is charged with old songs, verses of which he applies for satire, petition, and also warning : but the affecting touch is never wanting from this author's hand :—Davie had learnt his poetry from a dying brother, whom, in his decline, he had followed like a shadow.

We wish we could proceed further amongst our friends and acquaintances of these novels, for Major (afterwards Sir Dugald) Dalgetty has not yet been noticed by us; and we owe him respect because his horse was better than himself, and he knew it. There are moreover the Baron of Bradwardine, Mr. Mucklebarns, Dandie Dinmont, Cuddie; but to specify names, when all are meritorious, would, as the dispatches after battles say, be invidious. Suffice it to declare, that they are all genuine children of their native land; and that while her name shall be Scotland, she will owe gratitude to the author, for having fixed and delineated the remarkable features of a national character, such as no other people can parallel, at the very moment before it was too late. A little longer, and the lively remem-

brance would have faded; and then no author could have experienced the same inspiration, nor any reader the same enjoyment.

We fancy we hear a cry of "*name! name!*"—and we wish we could conclude our article, as Sir Joshua Reynolds concluded his lectures, by pronouncing the name of the great object of its praise. This is a pleasure, however, which the author of the Scotch novels has not yet permitted to the public. We can only say, that from all we have heard of the personal character and accomplishments,—the talents, worth, and patriotism of the most popular Scottish poet of the present day, we should be very much mortified were it afterwards to turn out, that these fine works have been improperly attributed to—WALTER SCOTT.

CHRONOLOGICAL NOTES

ON THE PRINCIPAL OCCURRENCES IN THE LIFE OF THE QUEEN.

From the European Magazine.

1768.

MAY 17. The Princess Caroline Amelia Elizabeth, second daughter of the Duke of Brunswick Wolfenbittel, and of Augusta, sister to George III. King of England, was born at Brunswick.

1695.

April 8. She was married at London to George, Prince of Wales, now King George IV. By her marriage settlement she is entitled to a dower of £50,000 per annum, if surviving her royal consort; and to £5,000 pin money during her life.

June. A letter of the Princess of Wales, containing some indecorous expressions respecting the Queen, was intercepted, and some disagreements arose on this subject.

1796.

Jan. 7. The Princess Charlotte of Wales born.

April. Communications passed between the Prince and Princess of Wales relative to their living on terms of amicable separation.

April 30. Letter of the Prince to that effect.

May 6. Answer of the Princess, acquiescing in the proposal.

July. Some negotiations took place as to a separate maintenance for the Princess, 20,000*l.* per annum was mentioned, but nothing appears to have been at this time settled.

1800.

The Princess fixed her residence at Montague House, Blackheath. From this period till 1809 she appears to have had an allowance of £12,000 per ann. from the Prince, and £5,000 per ann. as pin money from the Exchequer. In the course of this period she

also appears to have received several grants from the Droits of the Admiralty, amounting in all to £32,000.

1801.

Nov. The Princess formed an acquaintance with Sir John and Lady Douglas.

1802.

July 11. William Austin is alleged to have been born of a poor woman in Brownlow-street hospital.

Nov. 2. The Princess is suggested by Lady Douglas to have been delivered of a child.

Nov. 15. A boy was brought to Blackheath, and there brought up under the name of William Austin.

1803.

Captain Manby frequently visited the Princess.

1804.

Oct. A disagreement took place between the Princess and Sir John and Lady Douglas.

Nov. The Princess requested the Duke of Kent to interfere in settling the disagreement, which he attempted, but unsuccessfully.

1805.

Nov. The suggestions of Lady Douglas as to the delivery of the Princess, were first mentioned to the Prince of Wales by the Duke of Sussex, who referred him to the Duke of Kent.

Nov. The Duke of Kent made a verbal statement to the Prince.

Dec. 3. Sir John and Lady Douglas being called upon to state what they knew, gave the Prince a written confirmation of their former assertion.

Dec. The Prince consulted Lord Thurlow on this delicate subject.

1806.

Jan. Lord Thurlow recommended Mr. (afterwards Sir Samuel) Romilly to examine into and give an opinion on the matters in question.

Feb. Sir S. Romilly was appointed Solicitor General on the accession of Mr. Fox and Lord Grenville to office.

March. Sir S. Romilly was directed by the King to confer with Lord Thurlow on the subject of the Princess; which being done, his Lordship advised that the Prince should pursue the investigation, and lay the result before his Majesty. Lord Moira, as counsellor to the Prince, assisted in endeavouring to ascertain the truth from various witnesses.

May. The Prince laid the result of his enquiries before his Majesty.

— 29. The King issued a Commission to Lords Erskine (Chancellor), Ellenborough (Chief Justice), Spencer, and Grenville, to take examinations on oath.

June. Sir John and Lady Douglas, and a great number of other witnesses, were examined on oath by the Commissioners, Sir S. Romilly being the only person present beside the Commissioners, and reducing the depositions into writing.

June 7. The Duke of Kent informed the Princess that a formal investigation into her conduct had commenced. She consulted with Lord Eldon, Mr. Perceval, and Sir T. Plumer thereupon.

July 14. The Commissioners made their Report, in substance, that the alleged pregnancy of the Princess was clearly disproved; but that other parts of her conduct, particularly with reference to Captain Manby, afforded matter for his Majesty's serious consideration.

Aug. 11. The Report was communicated to the Princess.

Oct. 6. The Princess laid her defence before the King, who referred it to the Cabinet Ministers.

1807.

Jan. 25. Cabinet Minute by the Whig Ministers, recommending that his Majesty should give the Princess a serious admonition on her conduct.

Jan. 28. The King sent a message of admonition to the Princess.

Feb. The Prince requested his Majesty to suspend his determination as to receiving the Princess at Court, until further investigation should be made into her conduct; to which the King acceded. Some letters of remonstrance from the Princess.

March 24. Mr. Perceval came into office.

April 22. Mr. Perceval and the rest of the new Ministers signed a Minute of Council, recommending his Majesty to receive the Princess at Court, which was accordingly done.

June 7. The Duke of Brunswick, father of the Princess, was killed in the battle of Jena: shortly afterwards the Duchess of Brunswick arrived in England.

1809.

June. The Princess having got into debt to the amount of 52,000*l.*, her creditors applied for payment to the King's Ministers (the Duke of Portland and Mr. Perceval), who referred them to the Prince of Wales. After some negotiation, a *Deed of Separation* was signed by the Prince and Princess, by

which it was agreed that the Prince should pay the debts of the Princess to the amount of 49,000*l.* and should be exonerated from all future demands on her account, except an addition of 5,000 per annum to her maintenance, making (with the former 17,000*l.*) 22,000*l.* per annum, which was to be under the control of a Treasurer, in order to provide against future debts: the remaining 3,300*l.* to be gradually liquidated by her Royal Highness's Treasurer out of her increased allowance. This arrangement was sanctioned by the King and his Ministers.

1812.

March 23. The Prince of Wales being now Regent, Mr. Creevey, and other Members of Opposition, suggested that an increased allowance should be made to the Princess of Wales. This suggestion was several times agitated in Parliament whilst the Bill for increasing the allowance of the unmarried Princesses was pending; but no addition was then made to the allowance of the Princess of Wales. In the autumn of this year, some restraints were imposed on the intercourse between the Princess of Wales and her daughter, the Princess Charlotte, in consequence of alleged improprieties in the conduct of the former when the latter was present; and in the winter the Princess of Wales sent a letter of remonstrance on this subject to the Prince Regent.

1813.

Feb. 10. This letter was published in the *Morning Chronicle*; in consequence of which the whole matter was referred by the Prince Regent to the Privy Council.

Feb. 24. Report of the Privy Council, signed by 21 Councillors, including the Archbishops of Canterbury, York, and Armagh, the Lord Chancellor, Lord Chief Justice, Master of the Rolls, Judges of the Prerogative and Admiralty, and Speaker of the House of Commons, that under all the circumstances of the case it was highly fit and proper, with a view to the welfare of the Princess Charlotte, and the most important interests of the State, that the intercourse between the Princess of Wales and the Princess Charlotte, should continue to be subject to restraint.

March 1. The Princess wrote a letter of complaint to the Speaker of the House of Commons, which, on the motion of Mr. Cochrane Johnstone, was taken into consideration by the house on the 5th, with closed doors; but the house declined further interference. In consequence of some expressions used in this debate, Sir John and Lady Douglas petitioned Parliament that they might be re-examined on oath, in any way which would subject them to a prosecution for perjury, if they swore falsely.

March 23. The Duchess of Brunswick died.

1814.

May 23. Letter of the Queen to the Princess of Wales, stating, that as the Prince Regent had declared his unalterable resolution never more to meet her Royal Highness in public or private, her Majesty must decline receiving her at the drawing-room. The Princess of Wales hereupon addressed a letter to the Queen, and another to the Prince Regent, and after publishing the whole correspondence in the newspapers, communicated it to the House of Commons.

June 29. Mr. Methuen moved that this correspondence be taken into consideration. In the course of the debate Mr. Tierney suggested that the Princess of Wales and consort of the Prince Regent, was equitably entitled to £50,000 a year. (This appears to have been on the supposition that she would live in England.)

June 29. Lord Castlereagh brought up various papers, and moved a resolution to grant the Princess £50,000 a year; having previously communicated his intentions to her, and received her acquiescence. The resolution passed, was notified to her Royal Highness, and she again declared her acceptance.

July 5. The Princess wrote a letter to the Speaker, declaring that she wished to accept only £35,000 a year. On a subsequent day the House agreed to this sum: and a bill was accordingly brought in for that purpose.

July 25. The Princess of Wales wrote to the Earl of Liverpool, that she intended to visit Brunswick, and from thence to travel over other parts of the continent. She stated that she had declined the £50,000, because that sum was intended to enable her to hold a Court in England. On the same day, her Royal Highness wrote to Mr. Whitbread, stating that he might inform his friends of her intended departure; but admitting that she had neither asked his nor Mr. Brougham's advice on this step.

July 28. Lord Liverpool's answer stated, that the Prince Regent left her Royal Highness at liberty to reside either here or on the Continent.

July 29. The Act granting her 35,000*l.* a year received the Prince Regent's assent.

August 9. The Princess of Wales embarked for Hamburg.

August 24. Date of the Bond, purporting to be given to the Princess of Wales by her brother, the Duke of Brunswick-Oels, for the sum of 15,000*l.* sterling, lent to him by her at Brunswick.

Shortly after this period the Princess of Wales, attended by Ladies E. Forbes and C. Lindsay, the Hon. K. Craven, Sir W. Gell, Dr. Holland, and Capt. Hesse, proceeded to Italy.

October 9. The Princess arrived at Milan, and in about a week hired one Bartolomeo Bergami, an Italian, as Courier, Footman, or *Valet-de-place*.

From Milan the Princess passed through Rome (where she honoured Lucien Buonaparte, with her particular notice) to Naples.

Nov. 8. She arrived at Naples.

1815.

January. She gave a grand entertainment to Murat.

March. She left Naples, and was then quitted by Lady E. Forbes, the Hon. K. Craven, Sir W. Gell, and Captain Hesse. Her Royal Highness proceeded to Civita Vecchia, where she embarked on board the *Clorinde* frigate for Genoa. On her way she was quitted by Lady C. Lindsay. At Genoa she was joined by Lady Campbell.

May. She returned to Milan, where she was quitted by Lady C. Campbell, and was joined by Mr. W. Burrell, who accompanied her to Venice, but left her there and went to Brussels, the Princess returning to Milan. Dr. Holland quitted her at Venice.

June 16. The Duke of Brunswick-Oels was killed in battle against the French.

August. After an excursion to Mount St. Gothard and other places, the Princess of Wales established herself at the Villa d'Este on the Lago di Como. At this time the places of her Royal Highness's English Court were supplied by the relations of Bergami and other Italians.

Sept. In consequence of reports circulated at Brussels and other places, of the Princess's conduct, persons were now first employed to watch her.

Nov. 15. She sailed in the *Leviathan* to Palermo, and from thence went to Messina, Syracuse, Catania, and other parts of Sicily.

1816.

Early in this year the Princess of Wales, accompanied by Bergami, sailed to Tunis, Utica, Athens, and Constantinople, whence she went to Ephesus, Jerusalem, &c.

May 2. The Princess Charlotte of Wales was married.

Sept. The Princess of Wales returned to the Villa d'Este. About this time she wrote to the Emperor of Austria, complaining of the persons who watched her, but received no answer. Bergami, who had assumed certain honorary decorations, was prohibited by the Austrian Government from wearing the Cross of Malta, to which he had no claim.

1817.

Feb. The Princess of Wales made a tour through the Tyrol to Carlsrhue, and returned to Vienna, where the Emperor refused to see her. Thence she proceeded by Trieste to the Villa d'Este, which she soon afterwards sold, and established herself in Aug. at Pesaro.

Nov. 6. The Princess Charlotte died.

1818.

March 13. The Princess of Wales having filed a Bill in Chancery against the Executors of the Duke of Brunswick-Oels to compel them to pay the bond of 15,000*l.* above mentioned, Count Munster made affidavit that he believed the bond not to be of the Duke's hand-writing or style of composition. To this statement no answer appears to have been given.

1819.

In the latter part of this year the Princess came as far as Lyons to meet Mr. Brougham, but he not arriving she returned to Italy.

1820.

Jan. 29. By the death of King George III. her Royal Highness became Queen Caroline; and soon after receiving intelligence of this event she set off for Geneva. After some stay there she came on to St. Omer's, and was met on the way by Mr. Alderman Wood and Lady Anne Hamilton. At St. Omer's she was met by Lord Hutchinson and Mr. Brougham, the former of whom proposed to her terms of accommodation, which she rejected, and proceeded to England.

June 6. Her Majesty arrived in London.

The events since her arrival are too well known to require notice here.

QUEEN'S CROWN.

The Queen's Crown, which is now in the Regalia Office, in the Tower, and which was made for James the Second's consort, cost 111,900*l.* sterling. Its weight is nineteen ounces only, exclusive of the velvet. Very little, if any, of the gold can be seen, it is so profusely covered with jewels, and although its diameter at the rim is only five inches, it contains 600 diamonds, and nearly 180 pearls!

ON THE LIVING NOVELISTS.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

MACKENZIE.

ALTHOUGH our veneration for Mackenzie has induced us to commence this article with an attempt to express our sense of his genius, we scarcely know how to criticise its exquisite creations. The feelings which they have awakened within us are too old and too sacred almost for expression. We scarcely dare to scrutinize with a critic's ear, the blended notes of that sad and soft music of humanity which they breathe. We feel as if there were a kind of privacy in our sympathies with them—as though they were a part of ourselves, which strangers knew not—and as if in publicly expressing them, we were violating the sanctities of our own souls. We must recollect, however, that our readers know them as well as we do, and then to dwell with them tenderly on their merits, will seem like discoursing of the long cherished memories of friends we had in common, and of sweet sorrows participated in childhood.

The purely sentimental stile in which the tales of Mackenzie are written, though deeply felt by the people, has seldom met with due appreciation from the critics. It has its own genuine and peculiar beauties, which we love the more the longer we feel them. Its consecrations are altogether drawn from the soul. The gentle tinges which it casts on human life are shed not from the imagination or the fancy, but from the affections. It represents, indeed, humanity as more tender, its sorrow as more gentle, its joys as more abundant than they appear to common observers. But this is not effected by those influences of the imagination which consecrate whatever they touch, which detect the secret analogies of beauty, and bring kindred graces from all parts of nature to heighten the images which they reveal. It affects us rather by casting off from the soul, those impurities and littlenesses which it contracts in

the world, than by foreign aids. It appeals to those simple emotions which are not the high prerogatives of genius, but which are common to all who are "made of one blood," and partake in one primal sympathy. The holiest feelings, after all, are those which would be the most common if gross selfishness and low ambition froze not "the genial current of the soul." The meanest and most ungifted have their gentle remembrances of early days. Love has tinged the life of the artizan and the cottager with something of the romantic. The course of none has been along so beaten a road that they remember not fondly some resting places in their journeys; some turns of their path in which lovely prospects broke in upon them; some soft plats of green refreshing to their weary feet. Confiding love, generous friendship, disinterested humanity, require no recondite learning, no high imagination, to enable an honest heart to appreciate and feel them. Too often, indeed, are the simplicities of nature, and the native tendernesses of the soul nipped and chilled by those low anxieties which lie on them "like an untimely frost."—"The world is too much with us." We become lawyers, politicians, merchants, and forget that we are men, and sink in our transitory vocation, that character which is to last for ever. A tale of sentiment—such as those of that honoured veteran whose works we would now particularly remember—awakens all these pulses of deep sympathy with our kind, of whose beatings we had become almost unconscious. It does honour to humanity by stripping off its artificial disguises. Its magic is not like that by which Arabian enchanters raised up glittering spires, domes, and palaces by a few cabalistic words; but resembles their power to disclose veins of precious ore where all seemed sterile and blasted. It gently puts aside the brambles which overcast the stream of life, and lays it open to

the reflexions of those delicate clouds which lie above it in the heavens. It shews to us the soft undercourses of feeling, which neither time nor circumstances can wholly stop; and the depth of affection in the soul, which nothing but sentiment itself can fathom. It disposes us to pensive thought—expands the sympathies—and makes all the half-forgotten delights of youth “come back upon our hearts again,” to soften and to cheer us.

Too often has the sentiment of which we have spoken been confounded with sickly affectations in a common censure. But no things can be more opposite than the paradoxes of the inferior order of German sentimentalists and the works of a writer like Mackenzie. Real sentiment is the truest, the most genuine, and the most lasting thing on earth. It is more ancient as well as more certain in its operations, than the reasoning faculties. We know and feel before we think; we perceive before we compare; we enjoy before we believe. As the evidence of sense is stronger than that of testimony, so the light of our inward eye more truly shews to us the secrets of the heart than the most elaborate process of reason. Riches, honours, power, are transitory—the things which appear, pass away—the shadows of life alone are stable and unchanging. Of the recollections of infancy nothing can deprive us. Love endures, even if its object perishes, and nurtures the soul of the mourner. Sentiment has a kind of divine alchymy, rendering grief itself the source of tenderest thoughts, and far-reaching desires, which the sufferer cherishes as sacred treasures. The sorrows over which it sheds its influence are “ill barter’d for the garishness of joy;” for they win us softly from life, and fit us to die smiling. It endures, not only while fortune changes, but while opinions vary, which the young enthusiast fondly hoped would never forsake him. It remains when the unsubstantial pageants of goodliest hope vanished. It binds the veteran to the child by ties which no fluctuations even of belief can alter. It preserves the only identity, save that of conscious-

ness, which man with certainty retains—connecting our past with our present, being by delicate ties so subtle, that they vibrate to every breeze of feeling; yet so strong that the tempests of life have not power to break them. It assures us that what we have been we shall be, and that our human hearts shall vibrate with their first sympathies, while the species shall endure.

We think that, on the whole, Mackenzie is the first master of this delicious stile. Sterne, doubtless, has deeper touches of humanity in some of his works. But there is no sustained feeling—no continuity of emotion—no extended range of thought, over which the mind can brood in his ingenious and fantastical writings. His spirit is far too mercurial and airy to suffer him tenderly to linger over those images of sweet humanity which he discloses. His cleverness breaks the charm which his feeling spreads, as by magic, around us. His exquisite sensibility is ever counteracted by his perceptions of the ludicrous, and his ambition after the strange. No harmonious feeling breathes from any of his pieces. He sweeps “that curious instrument, the human heart,” with hurried fingers, calling forth in rapid succession its deepest and its liveliest tones, and making only marvellous discord. His pathos is, indeed, most genuine while it lasts; but the soul is not suffered to cherish the feeling which it awakens. He does not shed, like Mackenzie, one mild sweet light on the path of life; but scatters on it wild coruscations of ever shifting brightness, which, while they sometimes disclose spots of inimitable beauty, often do but fantastically play over objects dreary and revolting. All in Mackenzie is calm, gentle, harmonious. No play of mistimed wit, no flourish of rhetoric, no train of philosophical speculation, for a moment diverts our sympathy. Each of his best works is like one deep thought, and the impression which it leaves, soft, sweet, and undivided as the summer evening’s holiest and latest sigh!

The only exception which we can make to this character, is the *Man of*

the *World*. Here the attempt to attain intricacy of plot disturbs the emotion which, in the other works of the author, is so harmoniously excited. A tale of sentiment should be most simple. Its whole effect depends on its keeping the tenor of its predominant feeling unbroken. Another defect in this story is, the length of time over which it spreads its narrative. Sindall, alone, connects the two generations which it embraces, and he is too mean and uninteresting thus to appear both as the hero and the chorus. When a story is thus continued from a mother to a daughter, it seems to have no legitimate boundary. The painful remembrance of the former interferes with our interest for the latter, and the present difficulties of the last deprive us of those emotions of fond retrospection, which the fate of the first would otherwise awaken. Still there are in this tale scenes of pathos delicious as any which, even the author himself, has drawn. The tender pleasure which the *Man of Feeling* excites is wholly without alloy. Its hero is the most beautiful personification of gentleness, patience, and meek sufferings, which the heart can conceive. *Julia de Roubigné* however is, on the whole, the most delightful of the author's works. There is in this tale enough of plot to keep alive curiosity, and sharpen the interest which the sentiment awakens, without any of those strange turns and perplexing incidents which break the current of sympathy. The diction is in perfect harmony with the subject—"most musical, most melancholy"—with "golden cadences" responsive to the thoughts. There is a delicacy of loveliness, a plaintive charm in the image presented to us of the heroine, too sweet almost to dwell on. How exquisite is the description given of her by her maid, in a letter to her friend, relating to her fatal marriage:—"She was dressed in a white muslin night-gown, with striped lilac and white ribbons; her hair was kept in the loose way you used to make me dress it for her at Belville, with two waving curls down one side of her neck, and a braid of little pearls. And be sure, with her dark brown locks

resting upon it, her bosom looked as pure white as the driven snow. And then her eyes, when she gave her hand to the count! they were cast down, and you might see her eye-lashes, like strokes of a pencil, over the white of her skin—the modest gentleness, with a sort of sadness too, as it were, and a gentle heave of her bosom at the same time." And yet, such is the feeling communicated to us by the whole work, that we are ready to believe even this artless picture an inadequate representation of that beauty which we never cease to feel. How natural and tear-moving is the letter of Savillon to his friend, describing the scenes of his early love, and recalling, with intense vividness, all the little circumstances which aided its progress! What an idea, in a single expression, does Julia give of the depth and the tenderness of her affection, when describing herself as taking lessons in drawing from her lover, she says that she felt something from the touch of his hand "not the less delightful from carrying a sort of fear along with that delight: it was like a pulse in the soul!" The last scenes of this novel are matchless. Never was so much on the terrific alleviated by so much of the pitiful. The incidents are most tragic; yet over them is diffused a breath of sweetness, which softens away half their anguish, and reconciles us to that which remains. Our minds are prepared, long before, for the early nipping of that delicate blossom, for which this world was too bleak. Julia's last interview with Savillon mitigates her doom, partly by the joy her heart has tasted, and which nothing afterwards in life could equal, and partly by the certainty that she must either become guilty or continue wretched. Nothing can be at once sweeter and more affecting than her extatic dream after she had taken the fatal mixture, her seraphical playing on the organ, to which the waiting angels seem to listen, and her tranquil recalling the scenes of peaceful happiness with her friend, as she imagines her arms about her neck, and fancies that her Maria's tears are falling on her bosom. Thus comes Montaubon's description of her

as she drank the poison ;—" She took it from me smiling, and her look seemed to lose its confusion. She drank my health ! She was dressed in a white silk bed-gown, ornamented with pale pink ribbons. Her cheek was gently flushed from their reflection ; her blue eyes were turned upwards as she drank, and a dark brown ringlet lay on her shoulder." We do not think even the fate of " the gentle lady married to the Moor" calls forth tears so sweet as those which fall for the Julia of Mackenzie !

We rejoice to know and feel that these delicious tales cannot perish. Since they were written, indeed, the national imagination has been, in a great degree, perverted by strong excitements, and " fed on poisons till they have become a kind of nutriment." But the quiet and unassuming beauties of these

works depend not on the fashion of the world. They cannot be out of date till the dreams of young imagination shall vanish, and the deepest sympathies of love & hope shall be chilled for ever. While other works are extolled, admired, and reviewed, these will be loved and wept over. Their author, in the evening of his days, may truly feel that he has not lived in vain. Gentle hearts shall ever owe to him their sweetest tears, and blend their thought of him among their remembrances of the benefactors of their youth. And when the fever of the world " shall hang upon the beatings of their hearts," how often will their spirits turn to him, who, as he cast a soft seriousness over the morning of life, shall assist in tranquillizing its noon-tide sorrows !

T. D.

BIOGRAPHY.

From the Philosophical Magazine.

DR. MURRAY.

DIED at Edinburgh, Aug. 1820, that eminent chemist Dr. John Murray. The death of this distinguished philosopher, in the prime of life, and full vigour of his faculties, will long be felt as a national loss. His works, now of standard celebrity at home and abroad, have, from the spirit of profound and accurate analysis, which they every where display, and from the force, clearness, and precision of their statements, most essentially contributed to advance chemistry to the high rank which it now holds among the liberal sciences. His very acute, vigorous, and comprehensive mind has been most successfully exerted in arranging its numerous and daily multiplying details, defining its laws, and, above all, in attaching to it a spirit of philosophical investigation, which, while it lays the best foundation for extending its practical application, tends at the same time to exalt its character, and dignify its pursuit. As a lecturer on chemistry, it is impossible to praise too highly the superior talents of Dr. Murray : al-

ways perfectly master of his subject, and very successful in the performance of his experiments, which were selected with great judgment, his manner had a natural ease and animation, which showed evidently that his mind went along with every thing he uttered, and gave his lectures great freedom and spirit. But his peculiar excellence as a teacher was a most uncommon faculty, arising from the great perspicuity and distinctness of his conceptions, of leading his hearers step by step through the whole process of the most complex investigation, with such admirable clearness, that they were induced to think that he was following out a natural order which could not be avoided, at the very time when he was exhibiting a specimen of the most refined and subtle analysis. With him the student did not merely accumulate facts, note down dry results, or stare at amusing experiments ; he was led irresistibly to exercise his own mind, and trained to the habits of accurate induction. To those solid attainments which entitled Dr. Murray to stand in the first rank as a

man of science, was united a refined taste, and a liberal acquaintance with every subject of general interest in literature. His manners were easy, polite, and unpretending, regulated by a deli-

cate sense of propriety, with much of that simplicity which so often accompanies strength of character and originality of mind.

TOMBSTONE WAREHOUSE;

OR MAGASIN DES MODES MONUMENTALS, AT PARIS.

From the London Magazine.

A LADY, well known in the fashionable circles of Paris, lately lost by death, a relative who had been domiciliated with her for some years, and who, being in some measure dependent, took all the drudgery of housekeeping arrangements off her hands. Though an Englishman, I happen to stand on the footing of a particular friend in this family; and having, for several years past, been accustomed to wait upon the lady as her attendant to all parties abroad, her assistant when she received at home, and her aide-de-camp when the orders to shopkeepers were of too delicate a nature to be trusted to a footman,—my services, on this sorrowful occasion, were naturally expected, and as naturally offered.

I shall say nothing of the order of the funeral; every thing was conducted with decency, and, at the same time, with a magnificence worthy of the opulence and respectability of the family, and calculated to impress on the minds of the spectators, the magnitude of the distress which the gloomy pomp represented by all the external emblems of woe. This painful ceremony finished, a monument to the deceased became the next object of attention, and I was requested to take the necessary measures for having a suitable one erected.

In order that I might worthily execute this interesting commission, I consulted the Marquis of B. who had lately lost a consort whom he highly respected but never lived with; and to whose memory he had erected a superb marble, which testified, with all the pathos of poetry, how much the heart of the survivor was torn by the violent separation. On inquiry of this gentleman

what tradesman had so well served him in his affliction, he said he was unable to inform me, not yet having paid the expenses of the funeral:—he referred me, however, to Monsieur G——, the well known friend of his lamented wife; who had taken, as he expressed it, all the burthen of the thing on his own shoulders, and had kindly relieved his wounded feelings by seeing that *Madame* received all those attentions which were due to her after death, as he had, still more kindly, been unremittingly assiduous *auprès d'elle*, during the lifetime of the ever-to-be-deplored lady.

To Monsieur G—— I accordingly went, without delay, and found him dull and disposed to be silent. He said little of his lost friend, but seemed to think much; and, as he appeared disinclined to entertain company, I quitted him as soon as he had furnished me with the address of one of the most celebrated Parisian dealers in monuments.

Le Sieur M. N. is the owner of a most magnificent establishment in this way: taste, order, and smiling politeness there reign; and, walking along the first gallery into which I entered, surrounded by angels and genii, and nymphs shining in the purest alabaster, conducted by a bowing *employé*, I thought to myself—"this is indeed *smoothing the passage to the tomb*." The delicacy of the tenderest nerves would not be startled here by the mementos of death.

I found it would be necessary to wait a little before I could explain the purpose of my visit, for the master had customers with him. His talents were well known, and no genteel person at Paris likely to want a monument, would

think for a moment of being furnished by any other than M. N. His improvements in his art had been recorded in the Magazine of Inventions, and some of his finest articles were exhibited at the fêtes of French Industry, as a proof of the increased consumption of the nation. As I advanced towards the great man, I found him too much occupied with a couple of gentlemen, dressed in deep mourning, to observe my approach; and I was, I must confess, struck by the simple dignity with which he conducted business. In the *Almanac des Gourmands*, it is said of Beauvilliers, one of the master spirits of French cookery, who did things in his art which *the world will not willingly let die*—that with one of his sauces, a man, with a good appetite, might eat his own father! It would be doing injustice to Le Sieur M. N. to limit his panegyric to saying of his monuments, that a man might desire one for his own father; this would be affirming but little; but, if I may speak from my own feelings, I would say, that no one who enters this warehouse can quit it without being seduced into desiring a monument for himself, nay stipulating that it should be finished off hand, and sent home without delay.

When I came up to the party, I found that the customers had but just commenced their bargain:—

"I want a tomb-stone," said the elder of the two.

"For man or woman, Sir," asked the master, with Lacedemonian brevity, and Parisian quickness.

"For a worthy gentleman who was rather advanced in life before he left it."

"Have the goodness to step this way then; the *men above forty* are to the right. Bachelor, or husband, Sir?"

"Our late friend was a married man."

"Vastly well: John be ready to shew the articles for the *married men above forty*; you must have finished by this time putting the private cost mark on the *young women*."

"We wish a stone that shall express the virtues of the deceased: his children greatly regret his loss."

"Ah! that's quite another thing; you ought to have mentioned at first

that he was the father of a family: John, the gentlemen wish to see the *fathers of families above forty*—they're on the other side, you know, close to the *friends in need*."

The mourners proceeded with the attendant towards another wing of the extensive building, when I took advantage of the opportunity, thus afforded me, by addressing the master.—First I complimented him on his powers of classification, which I considered as unsurpassed by those of Linnæus himself. "Sir,—I find the arrangement convenient," was the modest reply of the hewer of stone. "Time and trouble are saved to all parties. People by this means are always prepared for death, as one may say,—and I avoid getting into scrapes with the living.—Formerly, Sir, nothing could be more precarious or puzzling than the trade of a maker of monuments. It was as bad as portrait-painting; no satisfying the first demands of grief without exceeding the decisions of reflection. I have seen an epitaph in gold letters ordered with tears in the eyes; and, when the bill has been presented, the inheriting sorrower has insisted that they were commanded in black, as most suitable for mourning. Inscriptions to the memory of faithful wives and affectionate husbands, have been given to me, where epithet has vied with epithet, and exclamation with exclamation 'to make a phrase of sorrow;' and, Sir, would you believe it, after the chisel had done its duty, I have had the charge disputed on the ground that the eulogium was extravagant and inapplicable! *Surely we could never have said so*, I have been doomed to hear, when the instructions have been entered, right to a letter, in my warehouse book of inconsolables. In short, Sir, grief is prodigal; but reflection calculates. I thought it therefore best, as customers increased, and we had the prospect of an epidemic, to prepare a stock of ready-made articles at ready-money prices; so that a gentleman might, if he pleased, be waited upon with his monument some days before his death, or, at all events, his heirs be fixed at once, and no opportunity be left for after-repenting."

I could not help expressing my admiration of a plan founded on such an exquisite knowledge of human nature, and apparently executed with an ability and industry worthy of the excellence of the original idea. At the same time, I expressed some doubt whether the variety of the demand could be fully met by anticipation, and inquired whether they were not, after all, often obliged to make to order?

"Seldom, Sir, seldom: not but that we are exposed to caprice and eccentricity sometimes. So great, however, is the extent and assortment of our stock, that one piece or other in it seldom fails to give satisfaction. The only persons, we may say, whom we have found at all troublesome, are the heirs of insolvents and foreigners. It is true, we have taken the precaution to engrave virtues suited to all the professions and classes of society; we have them too at all prices, and of every material, from marble to plaster. *Good husbands* may be had here from a guinea upwards, and *friends to the poor* at a still lower rate. *Faithful wives*, being a large department, go with us very cheap; *virgins untimely cut-off* are dearer. Our poetry is paid for by the line, but notes of admiration are charged separately. If you will take the trouble to walk round with me, I shall be happy to show you our *philanthropists* in marble, and *widows* in freestone. We have also a handsome assortment of *politicians* in wood. Of *philosophers*, it must be confessed, that we are at present rather out; for the lead has been all used lately for bullets: but you will see several *physicians* in the block, and a number of *men of letters*, complete except the heads."

I readily availed myself of this invitation; and, as we proceeded, my interesting conductor left me nothing to desire in the way of explanation, while I was lost in astonishment at the infinite sagacity which directed this great establishment.

"I observe," said I, "that all the tablets in this division are particularly profuse of moral qualities and religious impressions. They are designed for the clergy, I suppose."

"No, Sir, for the actors and actresses: these are the only people we now have, that set much store by a character for morality and religion: they demand, however, a great deal in this way, and we are almost obliged to be too full for a handsome distribution of the lines, in order to satisfy their ambition to be exemplary."

"I have lost," continued he, "much good material and capital workmanship, by the political changes. *Legions of honor* are now a drug; and *Senators* useless. Many a magnificent slab, connected with the imperial *regime*, I have been obliged to sell at the price of granite, for building the foundations of statues to the Bourbons; and the same police-officer, that has commanded their preparation, has brought me the order for their destruction. What vexes me most, however, is, that we are obliged to bear the damage when the selfishness of individuals speculates on gain. How many family monuments, executed to order, have been left on our hands, because relations have suddenly found it inconvenient to claim the titles and achievements which they had given-in with pride! How many alterations have we been obliged to make at our own expense, to save the article from being rejected altogether! Such of the bishops, as have been provident enough to order memorials of their virtues and piety before-hand, have given us a great deal of trouble in this way: Napoleon's chaplain has expected us to convert him, for nothing, into the Almoner of Louis XVIII. and the Preceptor to the King of Rome would have us metamorphose him, on the same terms, into Confessor to her Royal Highness, the Duchess of Berri. All this people expect us to perform as a matter of course; but—"

Le Sieur M. N. was interrupted in his complaint by suddenly meeting with his two customers, who were in fact seeking him. They had seen a monument of which they much approved; and the head of the establishment, when their choice was pointed out to him, complimented them very much on their good taste. They could not have selected any thing, he said, of a prettier

melancholy, or of a purer marble: the price was only five hundred francs, and as there was at present no inscription on it, they might have any thing they pleased engraved, for which, however affectionate, he would charge moderately by the letter. The gentlemen seemed startled by the price: they, however, proposed an inscription, and inquired how much "the best of parents—tenderest of husbands," would come to? M. N. made his calculation: on hearing its amount they seemed more appalled than before, and one of them instantly said—"Suppose then, we were to leave *the best of parents* out of our lamented friend's monument? It would come cheaper then; and, in truth, perhaps the less we say of his conduct as

a father, the better?" "I was just thinking," replied the other, "that propriety as well as economy seemed to require us to drop the allusion to his conjugal life: it was not in the domestic circle that our deplored relative (and here the speaker's voice faltered) displayed most brilliantly the many virtues and amiable qualities by which his character was unquestionably adorned."

The result of the decision I did not wait to hear; finding that the dealer in memorials was likely to be occupied for some time with these sincere mourners, I made an appointment with him for another day; and, when I saw him again, I learned, on inquiry, that the two gentlemen had gone away without ordering any monument at all. W.

CORNUCOPIA

OF LITERARY CURIOSITIES AND REMARKABLE FACTS.

From the English Magazines.

LITERARY CHIT-CHAT.

WE have elsewhere mentioned that Captain Parry's voyage may be expected to be published in about a month. Mr. Murray has not, that we have seen, announced his other works for the season; but report speaks highly of several which he has in the press. Among those mentioned to us in the literary circles, besides Belzoni, are Walpole's *History of his Own Times*, and the *Anecdotes of the late King*, by the Earl of Waldegrave, both of which naturally excite great expectation. Mr. Colburn has advertized Lady Morgan's *Italy*, from which a good deal of entertainment is anticipated. The correspondence of Charles Talbot, Duke of Shrewsbury, edited by Archdeacon Coxe, is also announced. Mr. Maturin has, we hear, got sermons, novels, and plays, all forth or forth-coming. Two or three satirical novels are about to appear. The author of the successful novel of the *Mystery* is again ready. Mr. Godwin has taken up the cudgels against Mr. Malthus. The Edinburgh press is very still at present: we have heard of nothing but *Kenilworth*.—*Lit. Gaz.* Nov. 11.

ORIGINAL ANECDOTES OF THE LATE SIR PETER PARKER.

The late Sir Peter Parker, who was killed on board the *Menelaus*, in America, in 1814, was a brave and very skilful officer, but uncommonly wild and thoughtless. He was once on a cruise up the Mediterranean; and after having been some months at sea, went on shore at Malta, where, happening to be greatly gratified by a band of instrumental performers that he casually met with, he ordered them to go on board his ship: they did so, and he speedily followed, and sailed off with them on a cruise for six or eight months, when he unshipped them at the place where he took them on board. This lively freak nearly lost him his commission. His father, who was Admiral of the Fleet, was so provoked at his numerous irregularities, that he determined to hold no communication with him, further than was necessary as Commander in Chief. While sailing at the head of a numerous fleet in the Atlantic, he received a communication from his mother, in which she desired to be remembered to her son, which he effected in the following manner:—

"Make a signal (said the Admiral) for the Menelaus to lay to:" this was done. "Now make the signal for the Captain to come on board:" this was done also, and Captain Parker, in his boat, proceeded to the Admiral's ship, which, when he had gained the deck of, he was met by his father, who saluted him with the following laconic speech—"I have received a letter from your honoured mother, dated (so and so); she is perfectly well, and desires to be remembered to you.—Now pack off: I've nothing more to say to you."

KING OF PRUSSIA AND THE MAGICIAN.

Extract from a letter written in 1760, by a chaplain in the Austrian army, to the prior of the Franciscan convent at Frankfort on the Maine.—"Reverend Sir! You were certainly much astonished when you heard of the two battles, (of Liegnitz and Torgau,) which the King of Prussia has gained in this campaign. At Liegnitz, the King met with a magician, who persuaded him to promise the devil the souls of 20 jesuits if he would help him. By the aid of the magician, the King accordingly gained the victory. Beelzebub sent from hell many legions of little devils provided with bellows, and placed them behind the soldiers, whom they drove forward. Some who were blown on so furiously that they got the colic, declared that this forced march was a devilish manœuvre. The imperial army was compelled to retire, being unable to endure the stench of the brimstone which came from the Prussians. At Torgau, where the victory was gained at night-fall, this evil spirit commanded all the little devils that had pushed the Prussians behind, to place themselves on their noses, and to take the form of spectacles. By these means, the impious heretics gained the advantage over the unfortunate Austrians, who could not see any thing."

SIR RICHARD STEELE.

The celebrated Sir Richard Steele married the only child and heiress of Jonathan Scurlock, esq. of Caermarthen in Wales. His lady died in 1718. His letters to her are still extant, and furnish a beautiful model of epistolary correspondence. For some years afterwards

Sir Richard kept Whitehouse, lying about a mile out of Caermarthen, on the eastern side of the river, in his own occupation. He fitted up the house and gardens decently, according to the taste of his age, with high walls, a good garden, and handsome walks, of which there are still some vestiges, though a farmer now occupies the house. In 1720, he was appointed a commissioner of the forfeited estates in Scotland, whither he went to execute his trust. He returned thence to White-house, where he resided chiefly during the remainder of that year, and the year 1721, for the purpose of superintending his daughter's estate, who succeeded to it after her mother's death. (She afterwards became Lady Trevor.) During this period he wrote his comedy of the *Conscious Lovers*, which is said to have been first acted in his own house, by a select party of his friends, some of whom were resident in his own neighbourhood, and many came from London and other places upon the occasion. He was frequently visited here by the first literary characters of the age. The arbour where he wrote his comedy is called the *Conscious Lovers' arbour*. He died at the present Ivy-Bush, whither he had removed from White house, on the 1st of Sept. 1729. He is buried in Caermarthen church, but so far from being distinguished by monumental honours, not even a common tombstone marks where his remains are deposited. It is supposed his grave is near the south east door, just at the entrance into the church. Though no proud monument records his name, yet his moral writings will ever live, and he will always be remembered in the page of English biography, as the polite scholar, elegant critic, and the great reformer in the English style of literature.

BILL OF FARE IN 1478.

Mr. Urban.

WHEN George Nevil, brother to the great Earl of Warwick, was made Archbishop of York, in the year 1470, in the 10th of the reign of King Edward the IVth, he made a great Feast, in which was expended 300 quarters of wheat, 330 tons of ale, 104 tons of

wine, one pipe of spiced wine, 80 fat oxen, 6 wild bulls, 1000 weathers, 300 hogs, 300 geese, 3000 capons, 300 pigs, 200 peacocks, 200 cranes, 200 kids, 5000 chickens, 4000 pigeons, 400 rabbits, 200 bitterns, 4000 ducks, 400 herrings, 200 pheasants, 500 partridges, 4000 woodcocks, 400 plovers, 100 curlews, 100 quails, 1000 egrets, 200 rees, above 400 bucks, does, and roebucks, 1056 hot venison pasties, 4000 cold venison pasties, 1000 dishes of jellies parted, 4000 dishes of plain jellies, 4000 cold custards, 2000 hot custards, 300 pikes, 300 breams, eight seals, four porpoises, 400 tarts, 1000 servants to attend, 62 cooks, and 515 kitchens; of which Feast the Earl of Warwick was steward, the Earl of Bedford treasurer, the Lord Hastings comptroller; with many more noble officers.

This Feast exceeded all feasts of that time, and was thought more befitting a King than an Archbishop, and that he did it to let the publick see he was given to hospitality. But the surprise was not only at the extravagance of the cost, but where they could procure all the particulars both from sea and land; where they got kitchens and ovens to dress all this; where they found places to eat it in; and lastly, where they got people to eat it all, unless they invited all the nation: but this Archbishop was the Phoenix glutton of the age; for others were as frugal as he had been profuse, as will appear by the following Bill of fare of a Feast had by the Wax Chandlers' Company on the 28th of October, 1478, eight years after the former, viz:

	£.	s.	d.
Two loins of mutton and two loins of veal - - - - -	0	2	4
A loin of beef - - - - -	0	0	4
A leg of mutton - - - - -	0	0	2½
A pig - - - - -	0	0	4
A capon - - - - -	0	0	6
A coney - - - - -	0	0	2
One doz. of pigeons - - - - -	0	0	7
One hundred eggs - - - - -	0	0	8½
A goose - - - - -	0	0	6
A gallon of red wine - - - - -	0	0	8
Kilderkin of ale - - - - -	0	1	8
Total.....	0	7	0

ASTRONOMY.

The true regular *distances* of the moon, from a certain number of fixed stars throughout each month, and from the sun also in the first and last quarters of each lunation, are calculated, for every third hour at Greenwich, and published in the Nautical Almanack, which furnishes the means to navigators of finding the longitude, through observations which they make of the distance of the moon from a star or from the sun, for comparison with the Greenwich distance of the same luminaries, at that instant, obtained by interpolation. The defect of this method of finding the longitude, highly useful as it is, consists in the slow apparent motion of the moon, in approaching or receding from a star, which is fixed, and more so from the sun, which has itself a slow apparent motion in the same direction with the moon: on the contrary, several of the *planets*, according to the rate of their own motions visibly recede from or approach towards the moon, through a considerable portion of each lunation, and these planets, when so circumstanced, have a considerably greater apparent velocity of approach or recession from the moon, than the sun or any stars have therefrom. For want of tables of the apparent distances of the moon and the planets, being published in the Almanacks, navigators have not yet been able to avail themselves of the planets, in their *lunar observations*; but this defect the Danish Government is about to supply, by the Almanack for 1822, which is to appear in June or July next, and contain the planets' distances from the moon every three hours at Copenhagen, calculated under the directions of M. Schumacher, Professor of Astronomy.

THE PRUDENT WIFE.

A Tale from the French.

Mademoiselle ——— was taken out of the convent in which she had been educated from her infancy, and given in marriage to a young lawyer, a magistrate of the department of ———. He was a man possessing much merit; and it being the first time Mademoiselle was ever addressed in the tender way, she loved him most passionately, and on

the other hand was not sorry to find her passion returned with the utmost ardour, which was not a little strengthened by her filial attentions to her father, who being aged and infirm, was loth to part with her, till she had closed his eyes.

The old gentleman lived in his chateau about six miles from the city. Thither the young lawyer went daily ; but as such short visits were inimical to the sentiments each felt for the other, she frequently returned them in town.

It was at this period a young actress appeared on the French boards, of whom every one spoke in praise. She was gifted with a pleasing contour of countenance, without being a regular beauty, though she possessed so many pleasing qualifications as to entrap the heart of the young Magistrate.

It was impossible an amour of this nature should long remain a secret ; and when it reached the ears of his virtuous lady, she was overwhelmed with grief, but, unlike the generality of her sex in her situation, she bore her lot with fortitude, and even concealed her chagrin from her father. Shut up from her infancy within the walls of a convent, she had no opportunity of studying the graces. She forms a plan for the acquirement of them, which, as love prompts, she executes. She goes to the theatre, sees her rival, divested of jealousy, and attentively studies her manner, attitudes, and transitions of voice, person, and passion ; and as her genius was great, so was her assiduity incredible.

At length, as she wished, so it fell out : the favourite actress was taken ill, and sent word she could not perform in the play that evening. Our young lady flies to the manager and offers her services to undertake the part, she is accepted, and it is announced "a Young Lady, a perfect stranger, will make her appearance as the substitute of Miss T——, who is suddenly taken ill." All the world went to the theatre, and among them the person on whose account this adventure was hazarded. She dressed herself charmingly, played her part to admiration, and came off with great eclat. When the play was concluded, and her stage clothes taken off, she went into the parterre, and mixed with the audience,

among whom was her husband, who expressed his wonder that she should make her taste so long a secret, and did not condemn a curiosity natural to her age. On their return home, the new actress was the subject of conversation ; he expressed himself in raptures with her. "And pray," says she, "my dear, which do you think plays the part best, the stranger, or Miss T——?" "Oh, there is no denying it," exclaimed he, "the stranger is an angel."—"Behold then in me that stranger," throwing her arms around his neck ; "behold what I have done to regain the lost affections of a much-loved husband." He was struck with astonishment ; and on repeating some of her actions, as she had portrayed them on the stage, he beheld the angel stranger in his own wife. He fell at her feet, and vowed eternal constancy ; a vow which he never afterwards felt an inclination to forget, so well did she improve the victory she had gained.

AUTOMATON CHESS PLAYER.

The admirers of Chess will very shortly be gratified by the appearance of a selection of 50 games from above 300, played by the celebrated Automaton Chess-Player during its late public exhibition, against various opponents, some of whom rank amongst the first players in England. Many of these games are admirably well contested. In all of them the Automaton gave a pawn and the first move to his adversary, with nearly uninterrupted success ; and the various and skilful combinations it displays, form a fine study for the amateur.

THE SPARROW.

The ignorant, ever ready to judge from superficial observation, have condemned the sparrow, because it feeds on the produce of the farmer, as a most noxious bird, fit only to be extirpated. It is to be recollected, however, that insects form no inconsiderable part of the food for birds. Mr. Bradley, in his treatise on husbandry and gardening, has proved by actual observation, that a pair of sparrows, during the time they had young, carried to the nest forty caterpillars in one hour ; and supposing them employed with equal diligence for

twelve hours a day, they will in one week consume the astonishing number of three thousand three hundred and sixty caterpillars.

Thus an all wise Providence checks the inordinate increase of insects; which, however useful in themselves, would if left unmolested, propagate with such rapidity as to consume the vegetable productions of the earth, and leave it a desert waste.

Tobacco smoke is the only cure for the disease called *oscitans*, or the gapes, in poultry and birds in general.

It is curious to observe a bird on its perch and at rest; it is not by any voluntary action which it exerts by which it is prevented from falling when asleep; it is by the pressure of the body upon the legs, by which the flexor tendons of the feet are compelled to embrace the branch upon which it is seated.

POETRY.

WINTER.

Written at Bath.

HERE Boy, another cheering fire!
A waste of fuel, heap it higher!
Let Persian carpets clothe the ground
Let perfumed bougies glare around;
Let soothing music hither bring
Her vocal flute, and magic string.

Though through the sky the owl's light,
Reign, from the break of day till night:
Though driving sleet and heavy fog
Make the air unwholesome as a bog:
Though chilling winds and beating rain,
Descend in torrents on the plain;
Though storm with storm, in ceaseless jar,
Without wage everlasting war,
Within we've song and peace,—and dance
In all its varied elegance.
Shall length of days and summer suns
With winter's social hours compare?
Sooner shall wretched verbal puns
To genuine wit proportion bear;
Sooner shall Bath for health design'd,
To quiet cripples be resigned.

Hail! Winter, hail! and let my prayer
Through the loud storm arrest thine ear:
Propitious solstice to my mirth
That piles my flaming cheerful hearth,
Leave the rude Scythian to his thaw,
Leave Spring and Summer for the Spa,
At Bath forever fix thy reign,
Nor to thy Alps return again!

Then Boy, let's have another fire!
A waste of fuel, heap it higher!
Let Persian carpets clothe the ground,
While perfumed bougies glare around;
Let soothing music hither bring
Her vocal flute, and magic strings.

THE LAKE OF GENEVA.

TO night the wind is loud,
And the lake falls harsh on the shore!
And the heaven is grey—not a star or a cloud—
But a low'ring mistiness hangs, like a shroud,
O'er my head, as I list to the roar.

Like a shroud o'er my head!

That word hath an import that told:
It dropt on my heart as the fall of the dead,
And a thought gave a ghastly flash as it fled;
And the wind of the night came more cold.

I'll leave this cheerless strand—

'Tis dull to see wave chasing wave,
To watch how they rise and roll on tow'ards the land;
How they curl and swell, but to break on the sand,
Like the hopes of my life on the grave.

I turn—yet where to go?

The gloom hides the hills, though they're nigh:
But one tree on Saleve stands alone midst the snow,
Full three thousand feet from the valley below,
And it is not more lonely than I!

WINTER SCENES.

HOW keen and howling is the storm!
Stern Winter in its bitt'rest form!
Long, cheerless nights, and murky days!
No sun-beam gladdens Mis'ry's ways!
The frost has stopp'd yon village mill,
And Labour, ev'ry where, stands still!
Ev'n birds, from leafless groves withdrawn,
Fall, torpid, on the frozen lawn!
Lorn, weary trav'lers, as they go,
Are wilder'd in the trackless snow,
And dread, at ev'ry step, that sleet
And snow may be their winding-sheet!

To town or city if we turn,
What numbers weep, what numbers mourn!
Unshelter'd sons of Toil and Care,
Cold, shiv'ring, comfortless, and bare!
Poor seamen, erst in battle brave,
Half-famish'd sinking to the grave!
Sad groups, who ne'er knew need before,
Begging for bread from door to door!
While helpless Age, too frail to roam,
Is perishing, for want, at home!

Hard fate! when poverty and years
Assail us, in this vale of tears,
Till Death, the dismal scene to close,
In pity, terminates our woes!

O! ye, whom Providence hath blest,
With wealth to succour the distressed,
O! lend your help in time of need;
The naked clothe—the hungry feed,
And great, from Heav'n, shall be your meed!